

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Wales.* By SIR THOMAS PHILLIPS. London. 1849.
2. *Drych yr Amseroedd (The Mirror of the Times.)* Gan ROBERT JONES. Llanrwst. Without date in the title-page, but written about 1820.
3. *Hanes Bywyd Daniel Rowlands.* Gan y Parchedig JOHN OWEN (*Life of D. R.* By the Rev. J. O.) Caerlleon. 1839.
4. *Y Traethodydd (The Tractarian.)* Rholan I.—II. Dinbych. 1845—1846.

God and his works abide, but man and his customs change. It requires no ordinary degree of sagacity to foretell at any given period the changes which a new generation may be destined to witness, and scarcely less to appreciate some silent revolution of manners which may have been wrought almost in the memory of man. If we were asked to point out a part of the United Kingdom where the influence of innovation might least be expected, our first instinct would direct us to the Principality. For some years we used to observe, on opening our "Bradshaw," the involuntary respect with which even the stern genius of railways seemed to regard the territory of the ancient Britons. His fire-breathing, iron-footed messengers (for so steam-engines would probably have been described by an ancient bard) might approach the Marches where Talbot wooed the fair Guendolen;* but the "wild Wales" of Taliessin's song seemed to be safe from intrusion. Whatever may have happened elsewhere, here at least we might imagine the mountain fastnesses would retain their primitive character, and the children of the Cymry, cradled in the home of the torrent and the storm, would bear something of the unyielding impress which Nature has stamped upon their land.

Yet even in Wales, as elsewhere, Time, the great innovator, has wrought his appointed work. Though Snowdon stands as of old, its base is caverned by the miner, and Penmaenmawr is at length not only stricken as it were through the heart, and traversed by daily trains, but is in course of being carried away bodily to pave the streets of Liverpool. All along the coast, as well as in the quarries of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire, a hard-handed race of men has sprung up, whose large-boned frames attest (when compared to the upland shepherd) the severe labor they undergo, and the higher wages which they receive. A Welshman, who had spent many years in London, was asked on his return if he thought the Principality changed; "I find signs of improvement everywhere," was

* Such marriages, though recorded only of the Baron, must have been frequent among his followers. Hence it has been supposed—we believe the alumni of the London University are now taught—that terms of *sewing* in English are derived from the British language:—a theory at least so ingenious, that we hope it may be true.

his answer, "except at Dinasmawddwy;—yet even here," he continued, "the houses have grown within my recollection from one story to two, and the whole costume and manners of the people have assumed a comparatively modern aspect." The truth is, that within a hundred and ten years two enormous changes, of which it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance as regards the manners and character of the people, have come over the face of the Principality. It is to these changes, hitherto we believe but little noticed, or at least imperfectly appreciated by the mass of Englishmen, that we propose to direct the attention of our readers. We shall draw largely for our details, and in some measure for our language, from the books of which the titles are prefixed to this article, without neglecting some other sources of information which circumstances have placed at our disposal.

If we imagine some real Rip Van Winkle just roused from his fairy slumber, his surprise would not be greater than that of the traveller who, fresh from the metropolis, penetrated the Principality a century ago. Even on the borders and in the county towns he heard a strange language, and saw a strange people, whose habits savored strangely of a bygone age. Still more did the impression of strangeness increase at every step, as he advanced into some upland valley of the more mountainous districts. Round the humble church of some indigenous saint, such as Wales and Brittany boast in numbers,* and generally on the banks of some stream just widening in a confluence of valleys, were grouped a cluster of cottages. For the fabric of the church in some cases an antiquity was claimed as early as the fifth century. To the inhabitants, consisting chiefly of shepherds and fishermen, with occasionally a small freehold or shop-keeper, a combination of their church and the village inn represented the march of intellect, and their valley the world. On each shoulder and sloping side of the hills, the blue smoke of peat mingling with the mist gave token of a primitive homestead, and, as you ascended the streamlet's course, every nook, which offered shelter for sheep or promise of a scanty harvest, was dotted with a pastoral farm. The houses of one story, with

* An account of them, full of interest to the ecclesiastical historian, may be found in Mr. Rees' "Welsh Saints," as well as in Mr. John Williams' "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry," a book of research, which deserves perhaps more attention than it has met with. We have also to thank the learned Archdeacon of Cardigan for introducing us, in his "Claudia and Pudens," to a lady saint of uncommon interest. His work not only sheds an entirely new light upon the introduction of Christianity into Great Britain, but is full of ingenious historical reasoning in the steps by which he identifies his princess very probably with the Claudia of St. Paul. Many traditions, with less proof, are universally received.

enormous chimneys in which scythes were placed to exclude intruders, were more roomy and substantial than a highland bothie, yet simple enough of their kind. The farmers who inhabited them, though not without their pride of family and their own code of gentility, which reacted upon the dependents with whom they associated, shared the oatmeal and bacon which were the fare of the laborer. Shoes and stockings, in the modern sense of the latter word, were only partially in fashion; and the wool, which was the principal produce of the farm, was manufactured at home. Flannel has from the earliest historical period been a staple of the country; and though the goods of the West of England might penetrate to the county town, the commercial bagman, or his smarter successor, found little temptation to face the driving shower which awaited him on a mountain road. The rural economy was concentrated in one great maxim—to disburse as little money as possible. Any stranger was welcome to his meal, but the money must be reserved for the rent. If you asked the shepherd-boy the meaning of a sinuous labyrinth he had amused himself by cutting on the turf, he told you it was *Cær Droiau*, or *Castra Trojæ*, a term which seems to indicate some tradition from the Romans. A man's name was generally inherited, not by his son, but by his grandson, so that the generations alternated, as seems to have been the case at Athens.* The wife, however, retained throughout life the name of her own family, a circumstance which leads to some confusion in pedigrees.

Doubtless such a people might be called backward. On the other hand, that little freehold had been inherited, it was said, for six hundred years—certainly from a period beyond written record—in lineal descent from father to son. The adjoining farm had also descended by tenure under the same family, of whose heiress it had been the portion in the reign of King John; and the simple tenant, in most benighted defiance of Maculloch and Mill, would have eaten his barley-bread somewhat blacker, and have worked daily an hour longer, sooner than change his landlord for a stranger. The existence of such a state of things involved no contemptible amount of homely virtue and thrift; and whoever observes how often rapid progress is followed by rapid downfall, may trace a law of compensation, as he compares the circumstances which political economists admire or condemn.

Perhaps a tendency to drink, though on comparatively rare occasions, was the principal vice of the people. The village wakes were full of revelry, which was not yet considered heathenish; nor had the vain tinkling of the harp given way to the deeper excitement of the preacher. Sunday often, and the greater festivals always, brought their trials of speed or strength. Parish rivalries found vent in matches at football; and the saturnalia of fairs

* In some cases, but more rarely, the name was renewed only in the third generation; and thus the posterity of Evan Robert Edward (for in the absence of surnames three names were convenient for distinction) became known as Edward Evan Robert, Robert Edward Evan, and so in succession.

were occasionally diversified by an organized fight. The mode of raising supplies might have been suggested by some genius who should have been chancellor of the Exchequer. If a young farmer wanted to marry, or had lost a cow, or was behindhand with his rent, he gave notice, after church, that a barrel of *cærw* (cervisia) would be ready at his house on a certain afternoon. The numerous kin and well-wishers of the family made a point of obeying the summons. Among the amusements expected was the singing of *Penillion*, a species of song or epigram not unlike the *Skolia* of the Greeks, but with an improvisatorial character, which must have tried the readiness of the rural wit. The exciseman in those days was not so inquisitive as he has since become; but if he appeared as an unbidden shadow of royalty, the jester of the party would detain him about the door, until some feminine Falstaff had converted the obnoxious barrel into a chair, which her ample person might protect. Of course, if any guest at such a party came empty-handed, he would be greeted with classical indignation in some such terms as “*Tene asymbolum venire*”—or, in other words, the entertainment involved a contribution. A still more singular diversion, which yielded only after a struggle to the religious activity of a later date, consisted in a rude drama, resembling in its genius the Mysteries of the middle ages. On some green sward, which presented a natural theatre, some biblical story was displayed in action by a bard, who unconsciously parodied the proceedings of Thespis. Nor did the sacredness of his subject preclude him from licentiousness, and still less from a liberal use of satire. The innkeeper, whose malt was stinted, or the exciseman who raised its price, or any offender against received laws, especially of hospitality, was gibbeted by some stray allusion, or by premature consignment to eternal doom. We do not know how far this uncouth drama may have been of indigenous origin; but the term *interlude*, however disfigured by a Welsh pronunciation, seems to suggest the contrary.*

The traveller Pennant must be considered a highly favorable specimen of the Welsh gentry at a date somewhat later than the one of which we are speaking. The same remark would hold good of Sir John Philips. Those of that rank seem in general only to have differed from the corresponding class in England in being somewhat more homely, and perhaps more profuse in their hospitality. We must give, however, one example, without coming down as low as Mrs. Thrale, of the fairer sex. A fellow of a college at Cambridge, (Moderator in 1750,) who held decidedly Protestant ideas as to the celibacy of the clergy, persuaded the heiress of a tolerable property in Flintshire to put on man's attire, and to accompany him, after a private marriage, on a visit to

* On the Welsh *Anterlurt* the reader will find something in Mr. Stephens' *Literature of the Kymry* (pp. 90—91.) To this work the prize given by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was assigned at the late Abergavenny Eistedvodd. We hope to direct attention specially to it in a future article.

his friends, as a young acquaintance from college. Unfortunately their wedding tour took them within reach of that terrible scourge, the small-pox, and before the honey-moon was over the husband died. The lady survived to marry a second husband, and, having already tried a fellow, she selected on the second occasion an under-graduate.

It is seldom found that the inhabitants of a mountainous country are indifferent to religion. Nature herself imprints in them a certain sense of awe. At the period of which we are speaking, though such laxity prevailed in the observance of Sunday, that all sorts of amusement, even occasionally cockfighting, were allowed in the afternoon, yet in the morning no mountain family ever failed to send its male representative to church. Any absence of a householder was a signal for inquiry, and for preparation to condole on some anticipated disaster. All adult members of the congregation were also generally partakers of the Eucharist. The habitual tone of reverence, which such a custom may seem to imply, was not unmingled with fragments of an older superstition, deepened by legend or poetical influences. Many were the forewarnings of death; and in the diocese of St. David in particular, a power of "second sight" was claimed down to a very recent period. As St. Keynan, in Cornwall, gave matrimonial supremacy to wife or husband, as either drank first at his spring, so in Wales you might procure health for yourself from the healing wave of St. Winifred, and pining sickness for your enemy from the ill-omened fount of St. Eliau. Nor was the Virgin Mary without her consecrated wells and other honors, which were only a century too soon to find favor with the professors of orthodoxy. Mr. Allies might have collected a fresh volume of cures wrought at St. Mary's many founts, and would have been delighted to find that the efficacy of baptism was enhanced by carefully carrying water from such sources to the font of the parish church. Not that we would ourselves sneer at the feeling which speaks in the following version (borrowed from Mr. Goronva Camlan) of what is termed an old Welsh prayer:—

"Mother, oh mother! tell me, art thou weeping?"
The infant Saviour asked, on Mary's breast;
"Child of th' Eternal, nay; I am but sleeping,
Though vexed by many a thought of dark unrest."
"Say, at what vision is thy courage failing?"—
"I see a crown of thorns, and bitter pain;
And thee, dread Child upon the Cross of wailing,
All heaven aghast, and rude mankind's disdain."

The original is, we are assured, a genuine tradition, and formed with the Creed and Ten Commandments part of the peasant's daily devotion. One of our authors, who mentions the fact, seems to consider all the three formularies equally misapplied.*

The "passing-bell" was then no unmeaning sound. No person of ordinary piety neglected, as he heard it, to offer a brief petition for the soul of his neighbor passing to its account. Good need there seemed for such assistance; when the

spirit was believed not only to be helped on its way by angels, but watched and liable to be intercepted by the hounds of darkness, (cwn Annwn,) to whom the space between earth and heaven was allotted as a hunting-ground. Happy were the parents whose children had died in infancy, for the angelic spirits of their lost innocents might be expected to light them with torches on their way, beset by perils, to the kingdom of Heaven.* On the first Sunday after a funeral we find it stated that the whole family of the deceased used to kneel down on the grave to say the Lord's prayer.† We scarcely venture to affirm whether so late as the period of which we are speaking the institution or caste of "sin-eaters" remained. If our readers do not happen to be acquainted with Brande's Popular Antiquities, they will probably ask the meaning of the term. It may surprise them to learn that in the west of England in the sixteenth century, and in Wales probably at a later date, a class of persons existed, who, in consideration of a certain dole of food or money, made themselves responsible for the sins of the dead, and undertook to console the survivors, by guaranteeing them at least security against being haunted by the spirits of the departed. We cannot assent to those who find the original of so strange a custom in the Mosaic law, but should rather look for a parallel amid the wilder superstitions of India; nor, with deference to Aubrey, who affirms the fact, do we believe the system at any time since the Reformation to have prevailed generally in Wales. The theory, which lay at the bottom of the practice, had doubtless vanished from men's minds long before the customary dole (Diodlas) ceased to be given at funerals. But it is not easy to ascribe a precise date to those changes of sentiment, which are not only gradual but uneven in their operation. If this is anywhere true, it emphatically holds good of a country where mountain and river tend to isolate particular districts. Our account of Wales a century ago would not bear to be uniformly applied in any single year. Yet each portion of the country in its turn had probably a period at which the impression we wish to convey would be true. We necessarily strike a rough average.

It may be said generally that among the stories of the fireside were unfailing legends, not turning so much as might be expected upon Arthur or Glendower, but oftener upon the agencies of the invisible world, and most of all, upon some instance of Divine retribution. Vengeance, such as overtook Ahab for diverting the inheritance of Naboth, was not only devoutly believed by the mountain farmer, but illustrated by modern instances, of which his hearers never doubted the truth. Here hereditary insanity, and here a property swept away, attested the immediate waiting of judgment upon wrong. The curious book, called *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, or "Mirror of Old Ages," which mixes true histories with prodigies from Geoffrey and Giraldus, was published in 1740,

* *Drych yr Amseroedd*, p. 43-9.

* *Ibid.*, p. 56.

† *Ibid.*, p. 50.

and seems to have become rapidly popular.* Here, as elsewhere, the march of intellect seems first to have meddled with fairies. The "fair family," for so the Welsh styled them, are said occasionally to have revealed themselves to the solitary shepherd or the drunken minstrel; and a highly intelligent peasant once assured us that *his father* had undoubtedly seen them. We suspect, however, that for some centuries they have by no means kept the same hold upon the popular imagination as ghosts or other spiritual beings, who, if not actually countenanced by Scripture, might at least be imagined to exercise a certain moral agency. In all things of this latter kind the Cambrian peasant believed firmly and universally; and to a certain extent, though faintly, he may be said to believe in them still. Supposing, however, ghosts or fairies to stalk in twilight, avenging crime or tempting innocence, it would naturally be the business of the clergyman to grapple with such foes. Accordingly, any clerical student who preferred black letter in his parsonage to good company at the inn, rarely escaped the imputation of conjuring—an art which was supposed to constitute one of the principal studies of the University of Oxford. What less accomplishment could have tempted the future pastor to undertake a journey of so many miles, which he performed often on foot? Might not he have read his Bible at home? Only then he would not have been able to send the mountain Ariel upon errands, or to bind the evil spirit with the name of the Trinity, as if with a triple ring.†

The smile, with which our enlightenment listens to such fancies, should not be one of contempt. As Poetry teaches wider truth than History, so devout error may approach the meaning of the true doctrine. When we consider the moral significance of many of the older legends, and are told of the eager thirst for knowledge which took the students to read in the village church at five in the morning, we cannot help imagining that any good might have been effected with such a people. The feelings of reverence and docility presented something capable of being moulded. But all history is full of the melancholy list of opportunities thrown away: it is but too clear the vigilance was wanting which might have cherished this hereditary reverence into an intelligent religion. Not that we place implicit confidence in allegations respecting "scandalous ministers" by men inheriting the spirit of Hugh Peters and his fellows, whom Sergeant Maynard well called "scandalous judges;" undoubtedly many accounts of the older Welsh clergy come filtered through hostile channels. Of the best we probably hear

little; the record of meek piety is written not on earth; yet many families have traditions of clerical ancestors, which do not accord with insinuations sometimes thrown out of general irreligion. Probably sermons were too much in the cold style of the British essayists; but one sin imputed to the clergy would appear from the following attack upon their memory to have been their *general* adherence to the doctrines of the Prayer Book.

Dark and unfruitful were their doctrines, and there was not a sign that the breath of power and the holy flame wrought through them. The sum and substance of their teaching was this:—that man received his new birth at baptism; that every one must repent and amend his life, and come frequently to Church and Sacrament; that every one must do his best, and that Christ's merits would make up that in which he was defective: and that it was in man's own power to *choose* (qu. accept?) or reject grace and glory. Bodily chastening was accounted a sufficient mean, if not worthiness, to fit men for the kingdom of heaven. * * * * Now, this is darkness which may be felt, like that formerly in Egypt. It is as perilous to lay weight on such things as to build upon the sand.—*Drych yr A.*, pp. 54, 55.

The same author accuses the congregations of valuing religious carols as highly as sermons, and of readiness to believe in visions or portents: both charges which sound curiously from the quarter in which they are alleged. He also thinks the custom of *offerings* instead of fees at funerals had a clear reference to purgatory. Perhaps it might only confirm him in this opinion to observe that the same custom held (and holds) good at weddings. Without, however, subscribing such a bill of indictment, it may be admitted that Wales did not escape that Laodicean tone which pervaded the rest of the kingdom in the last century. It seems to have been as usual for the clergy to appear as regulators of amusements, as for them to be guides in religion. One crying evil of the times was the not unfrequent appointment to purely Welsh parishes of persons ill acquainted with the language. In the case of Dr. Bowles, which was not legally argued until 1770, and, we happen to know, is only an instance out of many, the advocate for the incumbent used the following plea:—

Though the doctor does not understand the language, he is in possession, and cannot be turned out. Wales is a conquered country; it is proper to introduce the English language, and it is the duty of bishops to endeavor to promote Englishmen, in order to introduce the language. The service was in Latin before the Reformation. How did they fare in Wales from the time of Henry VIII. to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the act passed for translating the Scriptures into the Welsh language? It has always been the policy of the legislature to introduce the English language into Wales. We never heard of an Act of Parliament in Welsh. The English language is to be used in all the courts of judicature in Wales, and an English Bible is to be kept in all the churches, that by comparison of that with the Welsh they may sooner come to the knowledge of the English. Dr. Bowles

* This book, and the Bard's Dream, an imitation of Quevedo's Visions, and the Pilgrim's Progress, seem to have been the three greatest favorites after the Bible. A History of Christianity, by Charles Edwards, which was first published in 1671, also went early through several editions, and is still a Welsh classic, though its legendary portions have been expurgated; for which we ought to be more thankful than we are.

† We find a legend of this kind versified in the late "Lays from the Cimbric Lyre."

has complied with the act which requires that service shall be performed, by appointing Mr. Griffiths, the curate, who has regularly performed the duty.—*Case of Dr. Bowles; published by the Cymrodorion Society, p. 59.*

This argument appears to have weighed more with the Court of Arches than with the people of the Principality; and a certain portion of the dissent now existing may be considered as a permanent protest against the practice thus defended. There is probably no living member of the Church of England who would not regret what was at once a source of just irritation to the people, and of natural discouragement to the native clergy. Men, whose most probable prospect was serving as curates, under the easy relative of some non-resident prelate, would easily sink below the proper tone and qualifications of their office.* Such was, in some measure, the result; and after a large allowance for a considerable sprinkling of educated talent and liberal piety, we may affirm that the clergy, as a body, were little prepared to meet the moral earthquake which was about to burst under their feet.

It was not, however, in a hostile form that the awakening angel at first appeared. Several churchmen, of different shades of opinion, such as Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Gouge, who may be termed the Charles Simeon of his day, had exerted themselves even in the preceding century to repair the desolation caused by the Puritans in the civil war.† For whatever may be said of such men as Cradock or Vavasor Powell, (who, by the way, excelled as a dreamer of dreams,) their teaching did not counterbalance the mischief done by their allies; the congregations which sprang from them were few and feeble: but the elements of healing came from the Church, as the ruin had come from the opposite quarter. The first Welshman who stands out prominently in this good work, is Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror. It appears evident—indeed it is fully acknowledged—that an impulse had been given to his exertions by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, then growing from lusty infancy to its prime. He became a member of the Society in 1713, and in 1730, with the assistance of Mrs. Bevan, whose name is still justly honored on that account, he established a kind of itinerant schools. These singular institutions were most ingeniously contrived to spread the elements of education, and taught many thousands of persons to read. In his own parish, on the beautiful banks of the Towy, not far from the ancient towers of Llaugharne, Griffith Jones spent most of a long and useful life.

* In an early volume of the Quarterly Review, a peculiarly gross case of non-residence is commented on, as almost boasted of in the "Autobiography" of Bishop Watson.

† The great name of Baxter is the only Nonconformist's which we recognize among them. Gouge was far the most actively liberal; and it speaks well for the gratification of the people, that in their current literature he is still celebrated as a "benefactor to the nation of the Cymry." See Sir Thomas Phillips, pp. 110—113

His strength lay in catechizing; and he thought it "amazing to consider how incredibly ignorant the generality of people had continued, even under very plain and powerful preaching, where catechizing was omitted." His arguments in favor of the practice are sought from Hegesippus and Ussher, as well as from Jewish and Mahometan custom; but the example of his own earnestness must have been more effective than them all. His Exposition of the Church Catechism in the Welsh language is a standard work, and has been adopted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He was also induced by his zeal—unhappily, as we think, though great allowance must be made for the times—to set the first example in the church of preaching in other parishes and in the open air. We have not seen any specimens of his sermons; though, from the practice of his followers, they may be suspected of having laid considerable stress upon physical emotion—

Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit;—

yet, on the whole, his great and persevering exertions fairly entitle him to that reverence in which his memory is still held by his countrymen, and in which, we hope, few members of the English Church will refuse to join. It is not as the precursor of Methodism, but as the patient workman in that great field of education which was then so little appreciated, that he achieved his purest triumphs. To him it is principally owing, not only that 150,000 persons learned to read in his lifetime, but that the Bible has since been so generally found and read in the Welsh cottage. So his work abides.

Howel Harris of Trevecca, the elder of the twin founders of Welsh Methodism, was a man of pure and ardent zeal. He was born in 1714, and, having some property as well as a prospect of preferment, he went to Oxford in 1735, when the influence of Wesley and his friends must have been fresh in the University. The successive stages of terror and consolation, which he thought necessary to true religion, came upon him at intervals while receiving the Eucharist; his devotion became more passionate, and his life stricter than ever. To a mind thus excited, the discipline and the want of discipline of the University would be both distasteful; and, under the influence of feelings not unlike those which in later times have hurried men in a different direction, he sought what he considered the purer atmosphere of his home. Here he at once began to teach: not so much by set sermons, as by exhortation and converse on religion with whoever would listen.

I was occupied (he says) in going from house to house, until I had visited the greater part of my native parish, together with neighboring ones: the people now began to assemble in great numbers, so that the houses wherein we met could not contain them. The Word was attended with such power, that many on the spot cried out for pardon to God, and such as lived in malice confessed their sins, making peace with each other, and appeared

in concern about their eternal state. Family worship was set up in many houses; and the churches as far as I had gone were crowded, and likewise the Lord's table.

He soon became laudably desirous of taking holy orders; but we cannot join those who censure Bishop Clagett for not ordaining him before the canonical age. The following passage, which is said to occur in Whitfield's Journal, appears to us an extraordinary one to have been reproduced in Welsh by a person calling himself a clergyman, and therefore not a stranger to the practice of the church:—

He (Harris) endeavored twice to obtain orders; he was fit in every sense; but he was refused, on the *untrue* pretext that he was not of age, *though* he was at the time *twenty-two* years and six months. —*Life of Rowlands*, App. D.

Surely a delay of six months, in order to attain the proper age, was not a very unreasonable requirement. The impatience, however, of Harris at first, and his subsequent perseverance in a course of zeal, which sat in judgment upon regular authority, seem to have prevented his becoming a clergyman. Yet, if his attachment to the church was not consistent, it was genuine in its kind. His societies were formed on the model of those of Dr. Woodward; his school at Trevecca (which has been succeeded by a different institution) was held for a time in the parish church, and the whole tone of his life and mind is enthusiastic rather than sectarian.

I was carried (he says) on the wings of an eagle triumphantly above all persecution. I took no particular texts, but discoursed freely, as the Lord gave me utterance. The gift I had received was, as yet, to convince the conscience of sin. There appeared now a general reformation in several counties.

We find him subsequently encouraged by a letter from Whitfield, and by the concurrence of many fellow-laborers, who sprang up suddenly under the impulse of a common spirit. For seventeen years his life was one of journeying and preaching throughout a land of storms, and a people, as he believed, of heathens. There are touches of fancy, which denote perhaps unconscious exaggeration in the annals of his labors. When interrupted in his sermon by a turbulent mob, his custom was to kneel down and pray; while in this attitude, if a stone missed him, or the deadlier blow of a reaping-hook were diverted, it became a manifest, miraculous answer to his prayer. Yet neither the smile to which we are tempted by the enthusiast, nor the polemics into which we might easily be provoked by the preacher, ever destroy our sympathy for the man. His temper seems to have been naturally amiable, and the greater anxiety of his later years was to retain in communion with the church the more eager disciples, who were already hurrying on from schism to schism.

Several (he tells us) were going to the Dissenters and other parties, and I thought it my duty to declare against them by laying Scripture proofs

before them—as the example of the prophets of old and good men who abode in the Jewish church, notwithstanding its degeneracy in every respect; and our Saviour and his apostles attended service at the hour of prayer in the same church, though they knew it was to be abolished. * * * And as the late revival began in the Established Church, we think it not necessary or prudent to separate ourselves from it, but our duty to abide in it, and to go to our parish church every Sunday, and we find that our Saviour meets us there.

Harris did not escape that estrangement from his associates, which seems the destiny of those who beget a spirit of change. We find him in the latter part of his life at variance with Rowlands, and founding a sort of monastic establishment, by which the church service was attended as well on holydays as Sundays, at Trevecca. Even his integrity did not escape unmerited suspicion;* and he was happy in dying, (July, 1773, ætat. 60,) before errors, of which his teaching contained the germ, broke out into heresies which he would have been the first to condemn. His funeral was celebrated in characteristic language by Lady Huntingdon and her daughter. Six clergymen in succession blew the Gospel trumpet, on that occasion, with remarkable power and freedom; and, amid the vast multitude of mourners who assembled, “there were some special seasons of Divine influence both upon the converted and the unconverted.”

Soon after, if not simultaneously with Howel Harris, a far more striking personage, whose labors were to produce more permanent effects, had entered upon the scene. Daniel Rowlands, of Llangethro, (born in 1713,) did for Wales what ever Whitfield did for England, and perhaps something more. He sprang from a family of strong character and keen impulses. With sinewy frame and glowing imagination, he could play alike the athlete or the orator. No one surpassed him as a youth in activity and strength; nor did he hesitate, when first ordained, to join, after his Sunday duty, in the games which were then universally popular. But a day came when Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, preached in the neighborhood; and Rowlands determined to be one of the audience. Some accounts speak of a previous mental struggle; but his biographer describes him as standing with a look of pride and defiance in front of the pulpit; while the aged preacher, at whom he scoffed, saw already in spirit an Elisha who, he prayed, might be destined to succeed him. As the sermon proceeded, the face of scorn changed first to an expression of doubt, then of shame; when it ended, the scoffer went out from church an altered man. His work hitherto had been a patchwork of forms; it was now to be a ministry of the Spirit. The fervid eloquence which gave vent to his new-born convictions, became more attractive than that of his teacher; and we soon hear of an ungodly squire, who came with hounds and huntsmen to church, undergoing the same conversion as he had himself experienced, during a single sermon.

* Drych yr A., pp. 136—139.

Still for a time he was pronounced by the enlightened to stand too exclusively upon Mount Sinai, and his warning to a reckless world was uttered in a voice of thunder. By degrees we are told that his views became clearer; but his power from the first of startling men, by awakening a sense of sin, and convincing them that the Grave and Hell already yawned beneath their feet, is said to have been absolutely unrivalled. A woman, who came twenty miles from Ystradfin to Llangeitho to hear him every Sunday, persuaded him to extend his operations; at first by preaching in churches where permission was given, and subsequently by less legitimate means. The profane among his parishioners set up a rival congregation of wrestlers and foot-ball players. Rowlands, nothing daunted, went out to expostulate; and his success in the attempt first made him venture on that system of field-preaching, which became so fruitful in strangely mingled, but certainly wonderful, effects. Still, for about a quarter of a century, he served his two churches, with a stipend of ten pounds a year, preaching occasionally in a third, famous both for the eloquence of St. David and the pious war of Gorono ab Cadogan, which is thus described:—

Llandevi-brevi is very large, capable of containing three thousand people or more; but it was not too large at that time. There were no seats for the greatest part; most of them stood, and the church was filled from one end to the other. The appearance of the multitudes assembled was very remarkable. Many followed Rowlands from one church to the other, and did not return home till late in the evening, and some not until the following morning, without eating anything from Sunday morning until Monday. The spiritual food they had was sufficient for a time to support them without any bodily sustenance.—*Life*, p. 24.

Attractive as the teacher might be, his reading was equally impressive. It is a singular testimony to the inherent power of our glorious Liturgy, that Rowlands found its language the most effective instrument in touching the hearts, and we must add, in stirring the fanaticism of his hearers. It was not his overbearing eloquence, nor the passionate appeals to conscience, which no man ever made more forcibly, but the solemn sound of the Church of England's prayers, "By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy Cross and passion, Good Lord, deliver us," which first awoke the slumbering poetry of that ancient people whom he addressed, and fired their imagination with the same fervor in religion which their forefathers had shown in battle. It was while these words were read at Llangeitho, that tears and convulsive sobs, followed by cries of *Gogoniant*, (Glory!) and *Bendigedig* (Blessed!) first broke out, and ran through the multitude like a contagious fever. One of the most difficult problems in the philosophy of religion would be to determine the precise proportion in which genuine force of conscience coöperates on such occasions with hysterical or nervous emotion. Certainly no solution would be satisfactory which entirely omitted either of

these two elements in the phenomenon. A similar excitement attended the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield; but the latter, accustomed as he was to kindred scenes, was surprised by the emphatic form which the epidemic assumed in the Principality. Mr. Milman has happily remarked that the climate of Africa worked into the language and creed of its inhabitants; so in South Wales it seemed as if the old *afflatus* of the bards had passed from minstrelsy into religion. The *extreme agony* of the Saviour, as the Welsh litany has it, became present to men's minds as a spectacle to shudder at, while they exulted frantically in the deliverance which it wrought. A succession of such scenes constitute, we are told, a *revival*, (though by an unfortunate ambiguity the same Welsh word means also *reformation*;) and seven of such revivals are alleged to have taken place, at intervals of seven years, in the ministry of Rowlands. Some circumstances which attended them gave offence to the weaker brethren; but as Mr. Charles of Bala instructs us, "we are not permitted in the slightest degree to doubt that it was the work of God." The subsequent change of life, in many persons concerned, is adduced to prove that their emotion was more than transient; though, if such were the rule, it must be allowed to have admitted of very numerous exceptions.

From about 1740 to 1762 the movement thus generated had continued its course, and in the latter year reached the height of its fervor. It had commenced in the church, and was chiefly propagated by clergymen; but such stray and insignificant congregations of dissent as then existed were eager to welcome unexpected allies. As generally happens in a time of excitement, the distinctions which previously marked men were merged in the Shibboleth of friend or foe to the new apostles; while to the sturdy squire, no less than to the scholar armed, they were still "brainsick Methodists," of whom his detestation was to be recorded even on his tombstone—to the multitude, and especially to the softer sex, they were messengers not of man, but of God. True Christianity was said to have been buried, except for a brief interval at the Reformation, from the days of St. Paul. The very men who had most assailed the superstition of elder days for its proneness to believe in visions and portents, now found no lack of miracles attesting the revival of the true faith. Near Nevin, on the wild arm of Carnavonshire, in the stormy valley where legend had found fit resting-place for the discredited old age of Vortigern, a man named John Roberts was in distress about his soul. During his trouble, he saw in vision a head coming up from South Wales and lighting the whole country. He readily inferred that it foreboded a revival of religion; and accordingly this result soon followed in England and America, "and we poor Cymry," says our author, "received an abundant share in the blessing."* A woman,

* It provokes a smile to find that *Bishop Hoadley* has a place among this writer's army of martyrs.

who refused shelter to some preachers at Barmouth, had her house wrapt in bright flame before morning by the hand of Providence. A wild bull, let loose upon the congregation of saints at Rhos-y-Tryvan, turned and gored his owner. A dignity (if we understand aright the phrase *gwr urddasol*, which seems intended to be contemptuous) had threatened to inform a gentlewoman that her tenant harbored preachers, but before he could execute his purpose he became speechless and died, leaving the entertainer of angels unmolested. We must acknowledge that the author of the *Mirror of the Times*, notwithstanding his studious imitation of Scripture, reminds us against our will at one time of the Apocrypha, and at another time of the biography of some Romish saint. His scenes of persecution lose nothing for want of coloring, and have generally the advantage of illustration by scriptural parallels. Any attempt to tame down the supernatural of his narrative would only leave an incorrect impression. But we shall best give our readers an idea of his matter by some extracts taken at random from his table of contents. We there read how the Chancellor of Bangor preached against the gospel, and the parish clerk of Llanor satirized its professors in an "Interlude;" how, when Mr. Rowlands had permission to preach in the church at Nevin, the choir went on singing, to their own glory and the great trial of his patience, the whole of the 119th Psalm; how the persecution increased terribly; how stones were thrown through the *Capel* windows at Pwllheli; how Mr. Price, a friend of Daniel Rowlands, was both hit with a stone and prevented from preaching by a noisy drum; how the Vicar of Rhyddlan and his wife hated religion; how a thunderstorm frightened the persecutors at St. Asaph; how an orthodox Guy Fawkes attempted a gunpowder plot at Llansannan, and was frustrated; how two drovers were assailed by mistake for preachers at Corwen, but, being used to broils, turned upon their persecutors like the evil spirit on the sons of Sceva; how the divine judgment came upon "a dignitary" for persecuting a preacher; how the same judgment came upon Edward Hughes and Thomas Jones; how a profane minstrel was hired at Dolydd Byrion to drown the preacher's voice, but after being fortified with drink, was seized with a shaking in his limbs, which made it impossible for him to approach; how at Machynlleth, a place of heathenish orthodoxy, a lawyer stood up threatening, but was healed of his disease, like Naaman, by the teaching of a servant-maid; how the preachers found, on entering each town, a vast and gloomy multitude with savage looks boding persecution; how they were beaten, stoned, and driven into duck-ponds; how strange providences often preserved them by land and water; how women sometimes mocked, but generally assisted them; how they arraigned all mankind with faithfulness as naked and miserable sinners, and declared the necessity of a new birth by taking hold of the only appointed refuge. Lower down we find the table become more melancholy, but not less instructive.

It is there set forth how the Enemy threw a spark of strange fire into the bosom of Howel Harris, which he mistook for a coal from the altar; how he quarrelled with Rowlands, and how sad were the results; how "revivals" became scarce; how Antinomianism afflicted "the churches;" how Mr. Popkin fell off to Sandimanianism, and Mr. Peter Williams to Sabellianism; how some men in Pembrokeshire devised doctrines to which the Romish purgatory is not to be compared—some thinking with Origen the devil might be saved, others, with Mr. Froude, that sin was impossible; how spiritual interpretations refined Scripture away, and Antinomianism affected even household worship; how many people were persuaded to believe in an invisible family resembling fairies; and how "Mary of the white mantle," who perhaps was a coarser edition of St. Catharine of Sienna, came as a missionary from Satan into Merionethshire. Throughout his work the author seems to have been familiarly admitted not only to the counsels of heaven, but to those of the prince of darkness.

It may be asked, what the bishops did, while this strangely-chequered movement was convulsing the land. Perhaps, however, they might retort with the question, What could we do? Among the many excellencies of the Church of England, that of elasticity cannot be reckoned; and unless she were prepared to sacrifice the characteristics of her system, there would always be some limit where concession must cease, and enthusiasm would fret. She seemed now to have brought forth Titans, whose giant struggles rent her womb, and, in presence of her aspiring children, she became like one in whose mouth are no effectual reproofs. We can just conceive it possible that the rarest combination of delicacy with firmness might have cherished that sense of the abiding power of the Holy Spirit, which was the real merit of the men we have mentioned, and have checked the extravagances to which this true idea was perverted. But such an union of qualifications is not given to every one; and it is scarcely a disparagement of the bishops of the time to say they did not possess it. After a long career of indulgence it would seem that Daniel Rowlands received certain monitions which he disregarded, and the revocation of his license was the result. It is impossible not to regret the separation which ensued; but we hardly venture to affirm, with the same confidence as some of our authorities, that it could have been prevented. The vehement old man, whose age had only rendered his convictions stronger and his oratory more commanding, immediately extended the range of his influence. From every part of Wales—from the mouth of the Wye up to the Dovey and the Conway—people flocked, like the Israelites to Jerusalem, in order to hear the eloquence, and receive the sacrament from the hands, of one who had acquired the dignity of a martyr. The appearance of mountain valleys, threaded by vast numbers of simple people from afar, is described as most picturesque and affecting. These multitudes, hungry and thirsty, their

souls fainting on the way, were refreshed by the glad tidings which they heard. The usual organization of Methodism followed; and the revival of the church degenerated into a schism, which has become hereditary—a less hopeful faith than our own would add—irretrievable.

Rowlands died in October, 1790—aged seventy-seven. It is highly creditable to him that he never spoke with bitterness of the great Christian mother, in whose arms he had been originally nurtured. No relish of malice was added to what he believed to be the bread of life. He seems always to have felt, what the honest frankness of the Welsh people allows to appear even in their most sectarian publications, that the Church of England, including its elder British sister, has directly or indirectly been the medium, by which alone the influences of Christianity have been kept alive in their country. The following colloquy between Rowlands, shortly before his death, and his son, is too remarkable to be omitted:—

“I have been persecuted (said Mr. R.) until I got tired, and you will be persecuted still more, yet stand by the church by all means. You will not, perhaps, be repaid for doing so, yet still stand by it—yea, even unto death. There will be a great revival in the Church of England; this is an encouragement to you to stand by it.” The son said, “Are you a prophet, father?” To this he answered, “No; I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but God has made this known to me on my knees. I shall not live to see it.” Then the son asked, “Shall I live to see it?” He then put his hand for a time over his eyes, and afterwards said, “Yes, you may live to see it.”—*Life, Appendix M.*

One fatal circumstance which has come to our knowledge, though not written in the chronicles of Methodism, would alone prevent us from styling Rowlands an apostle. His wife proved unworthy of his affection; and he drank deep consolation at a source which undoubtedly contributed to give his preaching its peculiar energy. Yet we would not mention otherwise than with regret a fact which touches the consistency of his conduct rather than the sincerity of his principles.

We have more unmixed pleasure in dwelling on the character of Williams of Pant-y-celyn. He was a man in whom singular purity of sentiment added grace to a truly original genius. He produced by his hymns and their music an effect more abiding than Rowlands by his sermons. Neither St. Ephrem of Syria, nor our own Milton, conceived more strongly than the Welsh poet of the genuine Muse of religious poetry as the influence of the Holy Spirit. His direction to other composers was, “never to attempt to compose a hymn till they feel their souls near heaven.” His precept and practice in this respect have been compared to those of Fra Angelico. He was in deacon's orders; and, though his poetical temperament, encouraged by the advice of Whitfield and the example of Harris, betrayed him into the usual course of itinerancy, which he long continued, he seems to have regret-

ted in his later years that he had diminished his usefulness by a zeal inconsistent with discipline. This regret should have been better considered by writers who represent him as the victim of persecution. It is curious to find that, after fifty years of singing and preaching, he thus describes in one of his last letters* the result of his own and his companions' labors.

Believe me, dear Charles, the Antitrinitarian, the Socinian, and Arian doctrines gain ground daily. Our unwary new-born Methodist preachers know nothing of these things; therefore pray much, that no drop of the pernicious liquor may be thrown into the divine fountain of which the honest Methodist drinks. Exhort the young preachers to study, next to the Scriptures, the doctrines of our old celebrated Reformers, as set forth in the Articles of the Church of England and the three Creeds, the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian. They will see there the great truths of the Gospel set forth in a most excellent and suitable manner; they are a most sound form of words on the high and spiritual things of God.

The closing experience of men of this stamp deserves as much consideration as their conduct at three-and-twenty.

Peter Williams, of Carmarthen, is a man sufficiently remarkable, and has happily been his own biographer.† As St. Augustine heard a voice saying, *tolle, lege*, so our Peter “not once, but several times when he was alone, heard a voice superior to any human voice; as different and distinguishable as the voice of thunder from the sound of a trumpet; yet it was not terrible, but comfortable; and it put him in mind of the Scripture, that the angels of God encamp round about them that fear him.” A person so favored became easily convinced that the ordinary modes of religion were dead forms, and that the church, like the world, lay in wickedness. Yet his first inclination was to awaken rather than forsake. He obtained the charge of a parish, which enjoyed an annual visit from its vicar; and after some warfare against wakes, and other tricks of Popish ignorance, had an unsatisfactory interview with his bishop, and “went out from the palace without the offer of meat or drink.” He next pressed the matter home with the aldermen of Swansea, who declared their opinion that he would not continue long there; and, thinking him too zealous, “did not invite him to dinner; so everything seemed to confirm what he often thought, that he was called to be an itinerant preacher.”—(*Life*, p. clxxii.) In another curacy we find him wrestling bodily for his pulpit with “a supplanter” (for which, however, he expresses contrition;) and although he “preached powerfully,” the keeper of the purse told him, “It is reported that you are a Methodist, and I have resolved not to pay you any salary at all.” After this series of misfortune, an eminent exhorter introduces him to the avowed Methodists, and the same distinctive

* The letter is given at large by Sir T. Phillips, pp. 136-7.

† See this autobiography in the Appendix to Eliezer Williams' English works. London: Cradock, 1840.

energy reappears in his wanderings and persecutions. We find him called a *Cradoc** and a round-head, and often bespattered with eggs and dirt; then immured in a public-house, amidst scores of scoffers, like Samson among the Philistines; suffering indeed here rather an excess of hospitality, from which, when its urgency abated, he "counted his deliverance as wonderful as Daniel's from the lions' den." The narrative, which we have faithfully abridged, reminds us of a doubt, which once suggested itself in reading the life of Mr. Simeon, how far personal foibles may have provoked a feeling which is often termed hostility to religion. Yet these did not prevent Peter Williams from distinguishing himself by literary labors of a more arduous kind than might have been expected from his position; and his various editions of the Bible, with a concordance and annotations, deserve to be mentioned with respect.

We must refer to the copious and interesting pages of Sir T. Phillips for details of various worthies who succeeded. Mr. Charles, of Bala, seems to have been a man of liberal and cultivated mind. His suggestions led more or less directly to the establishment of that equivocal institution, the Bible Society: and, as late as the year 1811, he was prevailed upon, apparently against his better judgment, to provide for a Donatistic succession, by laying unauthorized hands upon new teachers. Up to this time, the proper Methodists, who must be distinguished from Independents or Dissenters, (these two latter words being used in Wales as synonyms,) had felt great scruples as to the propriety of receiving the sacraments except from clergymen who had been regularly ordained. Some personal neglect or disappointment seems to have been originally considered by Charles as a providential call to preach the Gospel in his own fashion; and those who judge human nature wisely will not withhold a certain amount of sympathy from such mingled motives. In a coarser character, as we see in the sad histories of Goronwy Owen, and Evan Evans, (commonly known as Evan *Brydydd bir*, *Anglicè* The Tall Poet,†) both clergymen, and both ill-fated bards, the same disappointment might have led to sottishness and degradation. "Being turned out of three churches in this country," said Charles, "without the prospect of another, what shall I do?" Yet later in life he could say, "I might have been preferred in the church; it has been repeatedly offered me; but I really would rather have spent the last twenty-three years of my life,

as I have done, wandering up and down our cold and barren country, than if I had been made an archbishop. It was no choice of mine; it was Providence that led me to it."

In the celebrated John Elias, at a somewhat later date, we find extraordinary powers of intellect, chastened by profound and childlike humility. We know not if any character in the volumes before us leaves altogether a more pleasing impression on the mind. His teaching was as practical as it was vivid; his advice to his own children is of the most touching simplicity; his errors seem to have been chiefly things of circumstance; and he can only be called a schismatic in the same sense as Chalmers or Robert Hall. Yet this man, who calculated eclipses, who swayed multitudes by his eloquence, and who enjoyed in his country almost the influence of Chalmers in Scotland, was the child of a Welsh peasant, stunted by a churlish congregation, (*Life*, pp. 50—97,) and goaded by fiercer followers into bigotry at which his heart revolted, (*Ibid.*, pp. 198—201.) Though his biography, which professes to be written by an English clergyman, abounds in editorial twaddle, it betrays the working of his mind towards a purer system. Had he been nurtured in some high hall of ancient wisdom, and saved by position as well as early influence from the temptations of a sect, how different might have been his history! He died in June, 1841—*Utinam noster fuisset!*

We have no ambition to usurp the province of the future Weale. He will assign a prominent place in his gallery to Jones of Llangán, and still more so to the Baptist Christmas Evans,* who mingled, not unlike a Capuchin friar, broad humor with pathos. He will also tell how the harvest of Methodism was free from Arminian tares until the close of the century; how Wesleyanism was then introduced, and attracted many proselytes, though its congregations have never been so numerous as those of the Calvinists—still called by way of emphasis, and not in any offensive sense, Methodists—whose doctrines were either more homespun, or at least more congenial to the Welsh mind.

It may be asserted, generally, of the class of men of whom we have presented our readers with some fair samples, that they conceived themselves to be fighting the battle of divine truth. Neither were they so contemptible in intellect or knowledge as they have sometimes been supposed. Perhaps, also, in some questionable matters, they were as much sinned against as sinning. Those who share our own conviction, that any shred of Christianity

* *Cradoc* was one of the earliest Puritan preachers in Wales, and the name was afterwards applied opprobriously to the first Methodists.

† It is customary with Welsh bards to assume a by-name, either from the place of their nativity or from some personal peculiarity. This Evans was of very remarkable stature. He may be known to our English readers as a literary correspondent of Bishop Percy's, and as the editor of some fair specimens of Bardic remains. He also published sermons, with a preface of advice to the bishops of the Welsh sees, telling them that they were "the abominations, witchcrafts and sorceries of a whore."

* We are not sure whether it was Christmas Evans, or John Elias, who, at a Bible meeting to which Lord Anglesey had been seduced as president, painted in choice Welsh, with a proper portion of the "serus in celum redeas," a scene in which admission was asked for his lordship into heaven. To the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Commander of the Cavalry at Waterloo, the answer was, "Not known here;" and so on, in diverse dignities; but when introduced as President of the Bible Society, the reply became, "That is written here; let him come in."

is precious, will pardon for its sake some accompaniment of evil. How far the human corrupted the divine, and earthly passion assumed the language of heaven; whether even the pure ideal of Methodism is not founded on such an exaggeration of some true portions of religion as practically to distort them; and whether its distinctive characteristics are not morbid, while its life, so far as it lives, depends only upon what it enjoys in common with the Church, are questions on which we had rather furnish our readers with the materials for judging than ourselves presume to decide. But whatever may be the nature of its influence upon the Welsh, there can be no doubt of its extent. The two societies, which are termed in Wales Methodists and Wesleyans, and which correspond nearly to the followers of Whitfield and Wesley in England, number about twelve hundred congregations between them. Their declared members, with those of other sects which may now unhappily be grouped with them as dissenters, constitute an eighth, and their ordinary attendants amount to at least a fourth, of the entire population. When the prosperous farmer or his thrifty servant would secure his savings, he invests his fortune, not in railway shares, but in part ownership of a meeting-house; so that interest as well as conscience directs him to support this new establishment, which has already its traditions. Nor do these figures adequately represent their influence, since the temper of the conventicle often creeps into higher places, and is sedulously represented as the only true Protestantism. Opinions generally of this stamp seem to be stereotyped in the country. Among the machinery by which the popular mind is taken hold of, a prominent place must be assigned to the Sunday schools, which are worked with a laudable diligence, by which, however, Sunday becomes a day of toil. Hence, at least, the indigenous mind is formed upon a certain interpretation of the Bible. If this peculiar wisdom is not always justified of her children, she still teaches them some wholesome lessons. An extraordinary impulse has been given to a purely native school of thought and literature. Not only numerous editions of the Bible, concordances, hymn-books, and tracts of a missionary nature, but songs, newspapers, magazines, and treatises on popular topics, such a geography and agriculture, stream yearly from the Welsh press. How far sedition contributes a certain garnish we are not now inquiring. Those who imagine the Welsh intellect asleep, or the language inoperative as a medium of instruction, have still to read a chapter in contemporary history. The very book, "*Drych yr Amseroedd*," from which we have quoted, and others of the same kind, such as "*Hanes y Bedyddwyr*," (History of the Baptists,) though not free from a certain mythical* air, are highly calculated to take hold of the popular imagination. Josephus seems to be a favorite author. On opening the "*Traethodydd*," (Tractarian,) a magazine of some merit,

* We use the word *mythical*, in its proper historical sense, to denote unconscious shaping of the imagination.

we were surprised to find essays on the "*Horse Paulinae*," on the philosophy of Coleridge and of Plato, not to mention interminable discussions of Oxford divinity and other lighter subjects. It would have given us sincere pleasure to have added that the knowledge of the writers had taught them any degree of charity. This influx of fresh thought is even expanding the language; which is evidently growing and enriched daily by the formation of self-evolved words, especially such as denote abstraction and generalization. This is a circumstance which we would recommend, in passing, to the attention of the parochial clergy.

Nor, again, have such influences been without effect in modifying the character of the people. A certain democratic and litigious tone has been given to the middle and lower classes. Strength of purpose is the usual inheritance of Puritanism. The modern Welshman neither excels in reverence, nor sins by listlessness; but displays rather a marked energy and hardihood of perseverance, with some tendency to be disputatious and pragmatical. The harsher features, however, of the latter element are softened by a warmth of affection which seems natural to the people; and, notwithstanding some allegations now before us, that the habit of dwelling upon privilege rather than duty is unfavorable to a high moral tone, we are inclined to believe that, in transactions between man and man, the conduct of the Welsh is still stamped in general by firmness and fidelity. It requires a long time to break down a national instinct of honesty, and although the principal fault of the lower classes may be a proneness to over-value devotional excitement and formal scripturalism, yet a certain corrective influence from the church may prevent these temptations from doing their extreme work.

But the effects of Methodism in Wales were destined to be modified by other agencies, which we need not apologize for saying little of in this place as they have already been discussed at some length in our Journal. (Q. R., vol. lxx.) The task of those religious teachers who moulded a primitive race of shepherds and farmers, with many predisposing influences in their favor, had been comparatively easy. But, between 1740 and 1788, the iron-trade of Great Britain quadrupled itself, and within almost the first century of the Methodistic hegira, or by the year 1847, the same trade had increased its Welsh exports alone from nineteen hundred tons to upwards of five hundred thousand; the entire mineral exports of South Wales alone in that year amounting in value to considerably more than seven millions sterling.* It is obvious that the immediate effects of such growth was to open new markets for agricultural produce, and by creating new wants, as well as the means of supplying them, it gave an enormous stimulus to the general progress of those parts of the country which it might seem less immediately

* For the whole of these figures, and part of the subsequent picture, we rely upon Sir Thomas Phillips, p. 44 *et seq.*

to affect. But if these advantages were not purchased at too high a price, they were at least attended by serious drawbacks in a moral point of view. What sort of population grew up in consequence of that trade may be seen vividly described in various Reports of Commissions upon Mines and Collieries, as well as that upon the State of Education in Wales. Sir Thomas Phillips protests against the description given in the last as over-colored; and Mr. Tremenheere points out several distinctions in favor of the Welsh mining districts, as compared with some others in the kingdom. The state of their houses and their personal habits, he tells us, show greater cleanliness, and their observance of Sunday is more orderly, while their dissipation lies in the use of beer rather than of ardent spirits. Yet, speaking generally, those fields of iron and soot, which have become workshops of Mammon, differ only in detail or degree. Ill trained by parent, seldom warned by priest, and little cared for by employer, yet enjoying wages which place sensual gratification within reach of an unspiritualized nature, these men are found precisely in that state most calculated to break down the moral being and to throw back humanity into barbarism. If such elements of corruption had been insufficient, the constant migration into the coal and iron districts of shoals of the least settled characters from all parts of the country would supply any lack of evil. Out of 130,000 persons in the mining portions of Glamorgan and Monmouthshire, nearly 60,000 are not natives of either county. The native Cymry protest with reason against any estimate of the national character which may be formed upon inference from such an heterogeneous population. Yet there the mass of evil and danger exists. The atmosphere is one of smoke and the district of crime—"the people are savage in manner, and mimic the repulsive rudeness of those in authority over them."* The public opinion which pervades such masses is formed neither by the press nor the pulpit; but by the laugh of the dissolute, mingled with the pining of occasional want, and the ravenousness of criminals scarce escaped from the law. This is the way we cherish the image of God. Yet one book of a higher kind is the subject of lectures amid the colliers in the neighborhood of Newport, as well as among the students of the University of Cambridge. Sir Thomas Phillips heard, in 1839, the theory of property laid down in Paley's "Moral Philosophy," inculcated by men of rude eloquence upon their hearers, with applications and inferences little contemplated by the Archdeacon of Carlisle. The keen logic of uneasy toil is somewhat different from that of literary leisure. Thus, as the Roman empire saw hordes of barbarians lowering over its luxurious decay, Great Britain cherishes in her own territory intestine vultures already flocking to the carcass of order and civilization. Unfortunately it has happened that the districts, where these elements of trouble have most largely developed themselves, are precisely those where the church

is in a great measure crippled, not so much by natural poverty, as by the sacrilege of her nominal friends. A melancholy list of rich impropriations and poor vicarages, with churches ruined and schools neglected, in parishes of formidable extent, belongs to the statistics alike of the sees of Llandaff and St. David. The archdeacon of the former see asserts in his charge, that at Merthyr Tydvil there is church-room for about a tenth, and at Aberdare for not quite a thirtieth of the resident population. Nor is the mere building of a stray church in the moral wilderness an adequate remedy. It is *men*, said the wise Greek, *who make the city*. Where the great mass of the popular zeal has been directed into a different channel, and churches have no tolerable endowment either to repay a learned education or to counterbalance the stirring temptations of life in more favored scenes, how shall we find the Griffith Jones, or the Joseph Milner, to stand between ignorance and crime and to stay the plague? Even in North Wales, where the church has been less despoiled of her revenues, the modern cradles of mineral and manufacturing wealth present similar phenomena. Yet the quarrymen of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire are comparatively a respectable set of men; not, indeed, churchmen, and not highly enlightened, but generally Christian and intelligent, with many of the comforts which depend upon high wages, and not only reading, but in some cases contributing to a literature of their own. The quarries, in which they work, certainly rank among the wonders of the kingdom, and may fairly divide with the Britannia tube the attention of the tourist. The accounts which we have heard given of the men's habits by the teachers, in whom they place most confidence, show room for improvement; but are far from inspiring us with the same uneasiness as the state of corresponding districts in South Wales.

It is here, then, that our Welsh friends experience the difficulties of Dissent. Here was a fair field for the spiritual descendants of Daniel Rowlands to justify their principles by their results. A single street in Bryn Mawr, or Merthyr Tydvil, with a row of happy and orderly homes, would have been a more important trophy than records of the most glowing emotion kindled by transient eloquence, or the most confident explanation either of the mysterious being or the unsearchable counsels of the Most High. We should even have considered it a better test of religion than chapels freed from debt or the parade of teetotal processions. It cannot, indeed, be alleged that the persons alluded to have not made some such attempts as we suggest: their square meeting-houses with conventicular-headed windows, and some text of Scripture presumptuously applied, rise by the side of the tall chimney and at the mouth of the mountain coal-pit. Considerable merit should be allowed to their Sunday schools, which, though imperfect in their teaching and deficient in mental and spiritual exercise, have doubtless in many localities proved to a certain extent useful in communicating religious

* Part II. of "Education Report."

instruction. They are thronged by large numbers, both of children and adults, who are formed into classes, and entrusted to teachers the most distinguished for zeal and ability. Nor do these form the most attractive part of their exhibition. The preacher, generally wrapt in an ample cloak, and riding on a small pony, may be seen, as he approaches, attended by swart admirers, who nevertheless require the occasional stimulus of "a gifted man" from a distance. We will not disparage his eloquence; it commences low and affects argument, then rises in a sort of climax or peculiar *gamut* to the highest notes of his voice. We have thus an ingenious blending of the synagogue with the theatre. All are on tiptoe* to catch a glimpse of some favorite orator. The same multitude, who either would not enter church, or were utterly uninterested by the service as they generally find it performed, here sing and groan in vehement chorus. Roused to emotion rather than patient of discipline, and stimulated by assurance of election rather than urged to work out their salvation, as well as enjoying occasional insinuations against whatever is established in church or state, they hum a sort of grim applause, and go forth, in too many cases, to work some pleasant sin. Thus they tread "paths to heaven," which, there is some reason to fear, may possibly lead to a different terminus. We are, indeed, very far from saying that such a worship interposes *no* check to evil, or that check an adequate one. John Elias may have left among his successors many as good subjects as he was himself; but would the favorite Boanerges of any chapel in South Wales have dared to denounce Chartism? Would not his stipend be in danger, if, by an inopportune question from St. James, he were to run counter to the tradition of his sect? May not the character of the most popular preaching be inferred from a complaint, which we find in page 56 of *Drych yr Amseroedd*, that the old heathens of the church, before the time of Daniel Rowlands, used to say as they plodded homeward, "That was a good sermon to-day, if we could but practise half of it!" Does the saying imply such utterly legal blindness as the author quoting it imagines—or might it not be profitably repeated by our modern revivers of the Evangelic?

However deplorable immorality may be elsewhere, it assumes a more offensive aspect when found in combination with high spiritual pretensions. It can scarcely, therefore, be matter for surprise, that persons who contrast all that they hear professed with all that they find practised in the Principality, should sometimes indulge in denunciations of too sweeping a cast. Descriptions, which would be strongly worded of the worst districts, have been made to comprehend the whole country. Charges have been brought forward of a harsher character than we care to repeat. We do not subscribe to them. It seems to be forgotten that some amount of inconsistency

* "Life of Elias," p. 148.

is too universal among mankind to be the one sufficient reason for inferring hypocrisy. The truth is, probably, not that the professors of Methodism in the Principality are much worse than other men; but that they profess to be much better and are not. Some allowance must be made for the inherent defects of their system, and possibly also some for a natural enthusiasm in the Cimbric temperament. To lay much stress upon the last consideration would require a stronger belief than we profess in the very doubtful generalizations of ethnology; yet it was wisely said by Mahomet, "If it had pleased God to make all men alike, he could have done so; but as it is, he has made them different."

When the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of education went down into the Principality, they appear to have given too easy credence to the representations made in a spirit of mutual antagonism. The dissenter thought the church heathenish or popish, and the churchman thought the dissenter vicious: the ill-employed barrister imagined that a people who contribute so little to the maintenance of criminal lawyers must have some latent vice to account for such a peculiarity;* while the lover of English undefiled was unable to conceive of a people speaking a different language, as having any expression of intellect or medium of instruction, the verdict of the commissioners would certainly have had more weight—perhaps it might have been a different finding—if they had *themselves* been able to converse in their own tongue with the men and children whom they examined. John Styles, at least, would cut a bad figure, if examined in French, even after a year's schooling at Stratford-le-Bow.

We are not about to lend any countenance to the ridiculous supposition that gentlemen of the rank and character of these commissioners would have condescended to anything like intentional misrepresentation. Yet, unfortunately, there does appear a certain coloring in the Report, which has not suited the peculiar vision of any among the parties who are delineated. We are inclined to attribute some features, which savor of exaggeration, to causes above suggested, and some to a preconception that they were to find a certain state of things, which accordingly they found.† The latter influence perhaps operates generally on compilers of blue-books; and, if it were otherwise, the whig system of multiplying commissions would come to an untimely end. The result, at least in the present case, is not absolutely satisfactory. The commissioners seem to have relied too much upon hearsay, a species of evidence which they could themselves only glean from that section of the population which is familiar with English.‡ In our own opinion,

* Sir T. Phillips, p. 77.

† The instruction given them, to look out in Wales for *pagan influences*, seems an instance of foregone conclusions of a curious kind.

‡ In Cardiganshire, the stronghold probably of the Welsh language, we find that only 3000 persons out of 68,766 speak English. We have no such precise data before us as to the rest of Wales.

which is formed upon some comparison of various sources of information, their report is about as correct a picture of the Principality as one of England would be, compiled by a French writer on statistics, from speeches of Mr. Cobden on the aristocracy, and descriptions of our manufacturers by Mr. Ferrand. Both would be founded on facts; but on facts so dressed that their most intimate friends no longer recognize them. One thing is certain; if the Arabian Nights had been bound in blue paper, and transmitted into Wales as a faithful description of the people, they would hardly have excited more general astonishment. A host of scribes and orators rushed forward to the rescue. Of the publications which appeared on the occasion the most amusing was by the Dean of Bangor, the cleverest by a writer calling himself Artegall, and far the most important by Sir Thomas Phillips. This gentleman, who is not more known by his gallant and successful resistance to a dangerous outbreak in 1839 than by his active exertions in the cause of education, has taken the opportunity of publishing a volume, which is a perfect encyclopædia of trustworthy information on all subjects connected with the religious and educational state of his country. His book is more valuable, though his case is less striking, because he evidently conceals nothing, and often rises from the zeal of an advocate to the impartiality of a judge. It would, indeed, be easy for the gentleman, whom in one or two chapters of his work he assails, to justify, by quotations from his pages, a considerable portion of the details, though certainly not the breadth of statement or general spirit which mark their Report.

There are two points on which Sir Thomas appears to us eminently successful, and his success depends upon a simple appeal to authentic figures. He goes largely into the sad statistics of perjury and violent crime, taking care to distinguish the two mining counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth. In these two we find more criminal convictions than in the eleven remaining counties of Wales; while in the whole of Wales we still find the ratio of crime to population not quite half that of England, and in the eleven more primitive counties it is less than one third. On the other hand, the number of persons convicted in Wales is about eight per cent. less in proportion to those committed for trial than is the case in England; and various considerations, of which the most important is the probability of error arising from two languages, are adduced to show that this result is not caused by perjury, or unwillingness to convict:—

Jurors may not understand the speeches of the counsel, or the charge of the judge; and therefore it is peculiarly unfair to impute to them corruption and a forgetfulness of their oath, whenever they may give an erroneous verdict. It might, indeed, be expected that, under such circumstances, increasing the proverbial uncertainty of jury-trials, verdicts would often be given against the weight of

evidence; but this is not found to occur more frequently in Wales than at assizes in English counties. Again, witnesses who have an imperfect knowledge of English, and who therefore desire to give evidence in their native tongue, are suspected, without reason, of feigning inability to speak English in order to gain time to pervert the truth. Judges have been known to compel such men to give evidence in broken English, without feeling the hardship and possible injustice; of which they would be acutely sensible if in a foreign land, they were themselves compelled to give evidence on oath in a foreign tongue, which they might understand well, yet speak imperfectly. —*Sir T. Phillips*, pp. 78, 79.

Upon the delicate subject of chastity we must refer to the abundant illustration furnished by the book before us.* We are not compiling a blue-book. It does, however, appear, if any reliance can be placed on figures in such matters, that the Cambrian fair have been unduly aspersed, and deserve a verdict of at least comparative acquittal from the charges which in more places than one have been alleged against their pure fame. The education commissioners certainly owe them an apology; and to have erred as they apparently did err, in a matter of such importance, may justify stronger censure than we have thought it necessary to repeat. On the other hand, we hesitate to allow, what seems implied by Sir Thomas, (p. 68,) that the use of the English language in Radnorshire has produced in that county a peculiar aptness to tender frailty: nor perhaps is the ratio of crime to mere population a complete test of morality, unless we also know its ratio as regards property. In wealthy and commercial countries there is more temptation to fraud and theft than in those stages of society which are less removed from the pastoral. Still it is by tests of this kind, which are reducible to figures, rather than by hearsay gossip, that the character of a people must after all be practically determined.

Those portions of the work, so creditable on the whole to Sir Thomas Phillips, which suggest various remedies for existing evils, deserve serious consideration from all persons to whom duty or affection make the welfare of the Principality a matter of interest—for, after all deductions from exaggerated statement, and all reasonable concession to sensitive patriotism, it must be allowed that many circumstances in the state of the people call for treatment of a remedial kind. We admire the vigor and character which have enabled a nation of peasantry (for the higher classes may here be set aside) to develop a hierarchy and literature of their own. Yet may not such a display have been purchased by the sacrifice of a sounder system, and of blessings more likely to be permanent? The sword by which the Prince of Peace would sever his church from the world, was never meant to set asunder high and low: even if the organization of voluntarism were more effective among its adherents than

* *Sir T. Phillips*, pp. 67, 68.

appears to be the case, it would be no slight evil for the sympathies which should unite rich and poor in the house of their heavenly Father, to be abruptly dissociated, and for the natural framework of a country to be, as it were, bisected into classes of diverse religion. However genuine may be the purely religious element of thought in the humbler frequenter of the meeting-house, he is withdrawn from many humanizing influences, and is tempted easily to acquiesce in misrepresentation of those superiors, whose kind intentions he has so little opportunity of learning by intercourse. Add the hardening effect of self-indulgent luxury upon one class, and the constant danger of passion couching itself in scriptural language among the other, and we divine how religion may be no longer the cord to bind, or the salt to purify, but the principle of discord to shiver society. There must be some—we do not doubt there are many—among the living teachers of Methodism and Dissent, who are quite capable of feeling the force of such considerations. With such men invective would be misplaced. We would rather remind them of the spirit professed by the masters and predecessors, whose principles they believe themselves to inherit. If their object was to awaken, the church has been thoroughly awakened; if to reform, she is in great measure at least reformed; if they desired to strengthen, the inadequate though gigantic strength with which she girds herself daily to her superhuman task of regenerating our huge masses of domestic barbarism invites them to come in and help her. Have they any prayers better calculated to cherish their devotion than the Liturgy which first called it into life? They believe that their sect had its origin in a protest against the profaneness of a latitudinarian age. We admit there are some reasons for that belief; but we contend that no impartial person will study the history which we have been sketching, and not conclude that those reasons have been much exaggerated. Were not, after all, the two principal faults of those old heathens of the church, drinking and Sabbath-breaking? Serious faults, it must be confessed; but one the universal fault of the age, and the other an error which admits of an opposite extreme. Has not Wales purchased her deliverance from these evils at a costly and unnecessary price? Has the improvement on these two points been accompanied by such a general tone of moral excellence, as might have been expected from a movement supposed to be especially blest by Heaven? We have no disposition to magnify what evil may exist, nor to accept as evidence the loose sayings of recrimination interchanged in a sectarian spirit. But the men to whom we allude shall be themselves our judges. We appeal—not only to the shade of John Elias, whose old age complained of the decay of sound preachers, and the increase of sin, and of God hiding his face—but to the estimate which the most Christian-minded among themselves at this day would form of their own congregations.

Do they find truth and honesty of mind, with all other Christian graces, flourish and abound? or does the strong religious meat which they supply rather fail to nourish their hearers in those qualities which the heathen called virtues, and with which the Christian cannot dispense? Is not even the aggressive temper which an increasing section of their body has of late years shown against the church, a sufficient indication that something is wrong in themselves? Wherever the house of prayer is turned into a nursery of sedition, or a theatre of declamation against all government and all old truth, there needs no audible voice, "*Let us go hence*;" we recognize the unmistakeable sign of the good spirit departing. We are here only saying what their own teachers in their best days would have said. Perhaps, indeed, the connection between their beginning and their present state is more intimate than we should have gathered otherwise than from experience. Even the characteristic strength of their best men seems partly to have depended upon blazoning abroad those deep secrets of the religious heart, which many others have experienced without asking for their expression any other ear than that of their heavenly Father. Such a habit, aided by the eloquence of such preachers as Bacon calls "*vehement and zealous persuaders, and not scholastical*," not only protested vigorously against the faults of the age, but fired vast multitudes with a religious impulse, which is supposed to have been necessarily of heaven. So far as the moral results justify such an inference, we have no objection to it; but if it depends in any degree upon assemblies moved to tears, or strong men shaken by agitation of conscience, we must remark, that in many ages and countries similar exhibitions have taken place without the aid of any form of Christianity. In India and Phrygia, at the old village festivals of Egypt, and amid the Mahometan pilgrimages to Mecca, not to mention the more singular tribes which have recently been described by Mr. Layard, the same passionate outpouring of human devotion may be traced. Especially it strikes us among the Donatists of Africa. It results in part from too keen a desire to commune with the Deity otherwise than in his acknowledged attributes. The physical and the spiritual act upon each other, until they are almost inextricably blended. Yet the very sincerity and fervor of such feelings, especially when working upon the facts and doctrines of a true revelation, are capable for a time of producing enormous effects. They work, as it were, with the strength of fever. It is when the first love cools, and only the habit of extravagances which spring from it survives, that we learn how incompetent are such human outbreaks to work the righteousness of heaven. There may be such a thing as congealed fanaticism. Its better spirit fled, its residue may be only injurious in standing aloof from that communion and instrumentality which divine Providence had given it as aids to work with. Can,

after all, a "gifted" cobbler work a parish! How many hours can he spend daily in his school, or in visiting from house to house? Can a constant succession of men be expected, even among the regular teachers, with such fervor of devotion and constancy of faith as to supersede the use of sound prayers or the necessity of fixed articles? If their strength could rise above the Litany, would not their weakness fall immeasurably below it? Where are already those old Presbyterian congregations of which we read as formerly existing in Wales? Does even a relic of them remain? Into how many errors have their descendants degenerated? It must therefore be a subject for grave inquiry whether the masses of our Welsh population, under their present instructors, are practically good Christians, and will they long remain good subjects? May not the present religious aspect of the Principality be received as a proof that the doctrine and organization given by our Lord and his apostles to his church are best calculated to imbue men's minds with such well-grounded principles as are emphatically the salt of the earth? To adopt the language of our friends, may not *Tekel* here be written after *Upharsin*? Have not religious division and its fruits been tried in the balance, and been found wanting? It availed to throw a certain fervor into an hereditary reverence which it found existing; but it has not strength to perpetuate that reverence as a principle of moral action from generation to generation. Yet, if all these were absorbed to-morrow in the church, are her resources in Wales in any degree adequate to the work before her? Can she now either mitigate the evil they have done, or supply the good which they have left undone? We pause for any satisfactory answer to these inquiries.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But often times celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but dim funeral tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great Cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Union Magazine.

Evangelical Melodies. London: Dalton.

WE are sorry to have to condemn, without mitigation, a work of which the good intention is undeniable. But correct taste, no less than fitting reverence for religion, must be—we had almost said disgusted—with a volume where "Moore's Melodies" are parodied in evangelical strains, of which the following, from the caricature of "When in death I am calm reclining," may do for a sample:—

If a stone on my grave reposes,
I pray you upon its surface write,
That he, the mouth of whose grave it closes,
Held free-grace principles, main and might.

What do our readers think of,

There is not in the world a season more sweet,
Than is that when the Lord in the closet we meet;

or of "Fly to the gospel—fly with me," "The Christian's Tear," "One embrace at parting," addressed to Nonconformist brethren? The absurd contrast between the familiar strains of the original and the doggerel (as the author with rare self-knowledge almost confesses) of this volume, create associations anything but favorable to devout feeling in a Christian, and sure to be productive either of laughter or contempt in others. We know but one class who can find anything for themselves here—those who think that poetry and music are snares of Satan. Not believing this, we can only regret, for the sake of that religion which wages no war against these gifts of the Divine hand, that exquisite songs have been turned into execrable productions, evangelical it may be, but assuredly not melodies.—*Eclectic Review*.

CHAPTER XIX.—A DISCOVERY.

IDA's mind was so engrossed by the painful and unexpected circumstances which had befallen herself, that she forgot Mr. Tyrrell and his pertinacious resolution to be introduced to Mrs. Chester, which had before occasioned her so much trouble. Mr. Tyrrell, however, had not forgotten it himself. After a long conversation with Frederick, in the course of which he confided to him the cause of his anxiety, and in some sort charged him with the conduct of an affair which seemed to be unavoidably withdrawn from his own hand, this troublesome and inexplicable Mr. Tyrrell fetched his book and his little boy, and went out for a stroll upon the terrace. This was, with him, a favorite mode of beguiling the hours; he was not a student and an enthusiast like Percy Lee, and though his intellectual capacity was of a high order, he was seldom to be found acquiring knowledge for the mere sake of the acquisition. With a definite object in view, for a limited time, for a special and sufficient purpose, he could work as hard as any man, but this not so much from love of the work as from desire for its end. He would have walked fifty miles for a wager; he would have declined tea for mere exercise and enjoyment. Therefore to him a stroll on a sunny terrace, with a fair landscape in view, breathing upon him all kinds of serene and soothing influences, a volume in his hand not profound enough to demand attention, yet significant enough to waken and suggest thought, and his child's ringing voice and bright laughter to set the thoughts thus aroused to a pleasant music of its own—to him this was perfect luxury.

On this particular morning the thoughts which he was thus indulging seemed to be of a somewhat melancholy cast. Some passing look or gesture of the boy had recalled his mother, summoning up one of those sudden, living, *real* visions of the past, which sometimes spring upon us unawares, to overthrow in a moment all the barriers which we have been years in raising, to convict our patience of hollowness, and our resignation of falsehood. It was, doubtless, with no deep and bitter agony that Mr. Tyrrell had sorrowed for his wife's death; the light of his life had not gone out with her; she left no legacy of memories so tender that one dares not touch them; no pathetic vacancy that is ever craving to be filled, yet the filling of which would be profanation. Nevertheless, apart from the horror of her death and the painful character of their last interview, there had been a keenness in his regret which surprised himself, and which would scarcely have been credited by her whose sensitive and passionate nature, once convinced that he had never loved her as she loved him, had speedily exaggerated his coolness into complete indifference, and scarcely stopped short of believing it to be hatred and contempt. He was a very proud man; proud not merely in outward development of manner and character, but proud also in the solitude of his own heart and conscience, which is far rarer. He was not one

to utter reproaches, or urge claims, or seek explanations; he watched, waited, judged, and was silent. You might have supposed him callous, or singularly deficient in self-esteem, or miraculously patient, but you would have been mistaken. No man had a clearer or more definite view of what he expected from others, or a keener and juster sense of what he obtained. He was simply un démonstrative. You could never detect by his manner that he had expected anything; you would never have dreamed that he was disappointed; you would suppose him perfectly self-dependent, with an agreeable warmth which extended not many inches below the surface, and a heart to which attachments were unnecessary, though perhaps pleasant. But, if he had once met with that which was the unavowed object of his search, if once the unuttered question of his spirit had been answered by a full, firm, satisfactory "Yes;" if he had once been able to confide, and approve, and feel certain that he was beloved, the secret store of affection which was ready to be unfolded would have astonished the very person who called it forth, by its power, its warmth, its tenderness, and its completeness. His marriage was, in every respect, unfortunate. He had been attracted by Madeline's beauty, and interested by her genius, and, perhaps, even by her faults; she was to him a new character, and he studied her with a mixture of curiosity, admiration, and disapproval. She occupied both his time and his thoughts, and the regret which he felt for those defects in her, which seemed rather to result from wrong training than from natural tendency to evil, sometimes amounted to a desire to undertake their cure himself. Time and circumstance might have ripened these beginnings into real attachment, but they certainly had not done so when, from the mixture of motives before described, he made her his wife.

There was a great deal of temper in his first treatment of her; he felt himself to have been, in a manner, duped, and though he could scarcely suppose her to have been consciously accessory to this, he could not help, in some measure, visiting it upon her. He had all that strange indolence which is not unfrequently found in persons who have yet dormant within them an energetic and unconquerable will. He hated trouble; he shrank from anything like a scene; he would bear a great deal for the sake of peace, without, however, feeling at all peacefully disposed towards those who made him bear it. So, during the first year of his marriage, he stood still, watching, examining, recording in his heart all proofs or indications whether of good or evil, and unfortunately the balance was generally on the wrong side of the account. Calmly and bitterly he made up his mind to this new disappointment, and, deciding that love was impossible, took refuge in duty. He told his conscience that he had committed no fault against her; he summoned up his will to obtain that she should commit none against him. Her indifference to his wishes, her defiance of his taste, were to him irrefragable proofs that she did not really care

for him, for he was accustomed to test all feelings by their fruits, and by those alone. She little dreamed how her every word, look, and gesture, was adding syllables to the sentence of her condemnation. While she was with him his feeling was all bitterness, though of a quiet, proud, patient, kind; after her supposed death, it underwent little change. There was horror, there was a sort of cold grief, there was a feeling of undefined pain which he never analyzed, but he still said to himself that as a husband he was blameless, and that, if she would have allowed him, he could have loved her. Surely there can be no more certain proof that conscience is sick and feeble, than the fact that it will not admit the possibility of having given, while it scrupulously records that it has received, offences.

Of late, however, Tyrrell had begun to feel somewhat differently. "Gradually and half unconsciously his mind had acquired a habit of looking back upon the period of his engagement and marriage, to the contemplation of which he had long felt a natural and invincible repugnance. Some of the attractions which Madeline possessed for him at their first introduction had gathered slowly around her memory, and in the twilight of the past they perhaps looked fairer than reality. That which is a scarped and rugged rock when you stand beneath it at noonday, looks like a rampart of frosted and glistening silver when the sea parts it from you and the sunset reposes upon it. The thought is perhaps too commonplace to require notice; it is commonplace as the truth and pathos of daily life, of which it is no inconsiderable element. So Tyrrell had begun to remember Madeline's gifts more vividly than he had perceived them, except perhaps during the first month of their acquaintance. Once or twice the thought had started up within him that the moulding of a noble nature had been in his hands; and when the question intruded itself, "How was this accomplished?" the answer did not involve so full and entire an acquittal of him as he had been wont to believe. From composed self-approval in the court of conscience, he passed to deliberate self-defence—no inconsiderable step. He counted up the sins of his wife, he dwelt upon his own forbearance, but when he would have pronounced the verdict, "Not guilty," there was an unanswerable, though possibly an unreasonable whisper at his heart, that he might have made it otherwise. He could not but remember how boundless had been his empire over her; he could not but suspect that he had lost it, partly at least, by his own fault. He asked himself whether he had not first ignored the peculiar difficulties of her character, and then charged them upon her alone when he came in contact with them. There was an importunate vision before his mind's eye of the fair and noble development to which that character might have attained, if it had been guided by tenderness, and fostered by confidence. What right had he, after winning her affections, to stand aloof till she had proved herself worthy of his—when, in fact, that very

withdrawal on his part deprived her of her strongest motive and surest help! It was in vain that he repeated to himself that she never loved him, that her conduct proved it, that the fact was indisputable. Invisible truth is stronger than indisputable appearances. She forces her way, and if you cannot see her she shouts in your ears, and if you will not listen, she lays her cold strong hand upon your heart, and compels you to recognize her presence. One breath of her mouth shivers a whole edifice of arguments. Tyrrell could not help himself; proud as he was, and self-disciplined, and sinned against, he was forced to confess himself also as having sinned; and the pain which he had refused to analyze became keener and more intolerable, and the haughty spirit came down from its throne, and sat in sackcloth and ashes.

And now, as we have said, a passing glance of the child's face had called up a quick, unbidden apparition of the mother's. There are times when the strongest will seats itself voluntarily in the car of the imagination or memory, and says, "There! I have contended enough; carry me whither you will!" Perhaps the stronger the will, the more entire is this temporary self-abandonment, because it knows that at any moment it can resume the reins, and check the struggling coursers, and return upon its steps. It was such a time now with Tyrrell; he paced the terrace slowly, with downcast eyes, yielding himself without an effort to be bound in the fairy fetters of a reverie. The vision of Madeline rose up before him gradually, but with increasing distinctness, as though the portrait were being painted before his gaze. The form, the step, the bearing, had that peculiar combination of lightness and stateliness which was their living characteristic—the port of a queen, the motions of a sylph—soft drapery of snowy white enveloped the delicate limbs—every lineament of the pallid beautiful face was there; the deep steadfast eyes were lifted to his, and they were full as ever of life, of fire, of power and eloquence unutterable: on the broad fair brow was a garland of water-lilies. It was Undine in her moment of return to earth, a picture strangely compounded of the mournfulness of the injured spirit, and the triumph of the conscious woman, more strangely still, and with a parallel too shocking to be endured, recalling and almost mocking her actual fate. Tyrrell passed his hand across his face, shuddered, and looked up; his eye fell upon an upper, open window in the house, in front of which he had paused; the curtains were drawn aside as if to admit a full current of air, and a lady sat, partly shrouded by their drapery, her elbow on the window-sill, her cheek on her hand, her face averted. He gazed upon her fixedly, as so often happens in deep thought, without knowing what he saw, and while he gazed she slowly turned her head, and first the profile was visible, cut like a cameo in pure transparent white, against the dark curtains of the bed behind her; and then the full face—the face of which he was dreaming! Thinner, and a little worn as if with the passage

of years and griefs, and shaded by an invalid cap which had fallen back and left bare the rich heavy braid of dark hair which descended upon either cheek—but still the same face, unforgettably, unmistakably, alive, and full of beauty! There was a moment of incredulity, in which he marvelled at the vivid impressions of fancy, the absolute delusion, the miracle; but the vision was stationary, and Tyrrell gasped for breath, incapable of speech or movement, yet persuaded that a sound or a step would break the spell, and convince him that it was but a phantom of the senses which he beheld. The lady moved; she came closer to the window, and her face was seen in the clear, undecieving, actual daylight; her very breath was almost audible as it heaved the folds of her white wrapping garment; he could have believed that he felt it warm upon his forehead; he marked the fall of a tear which hung an instant from the long dark eyelashes, and then dropped upon the cheek; and then she turned away and withdrew into the room, unconscious of his observation or presence.

All this passed in less than a minute. Tyrrell could scarcely be said to recover himself, for his bewilderment was complete, and his agitation violent; but he recovered the power of action, and rushed into the house and up the stairs to the lobby, with which the apartment in which he had seen the apparition vanished communicated. He paused a moment, to make sure which door he should open; then grasped the handle with a mixture of terror and eagerness, but it turned in his fingers, and, as he started back, Ida issued from the room, and closed the door behind her before he could prevent it.

"Mr. Tyrrell!" exclaimed she in a voice of irrepressible astonishment.

He was pale as death, his eyes fixed, his voice faltering, but he made a great effort, and answered her quietly, though with unnatural abruptness,—

"Whose room is this?"

"This room! Mrs. Chester's," she replied, looking wonderingly in his face, and answering mechanically.

He made an attempt to pass her, but she prevented him, exclaiming with a kind of terror for which she could scarcely account, but which his manner seemed to justify, "Pray, Mr. Tyrrell—indeed, you must not! She is ill, she has had brain fever, she must not be agitated."

"And why," replied he, commanding himself by a great exertion, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon Ida's changing face, in which the blushes came and went twenty times in a minute; "why should an interview be so peculiarly agitating to her?"

Ida trembled and tried to speak, but could not.

"Miss Lee," he continued vehemently, and regarding her with a wild, incredulous, bewildered expression, "I have seen this Mrs. Chester, as you call her, I have seen her at the window just now, quite clearly; do you know who she is? Why do you change color and look so frightened? am I to believe impossibilities? am I dreaming?

am I sane? For God's sake, Miss Lee, if you know anything, tell it to me, for I could suppose this to be the merest fantasy of delirium, and yet no argument can convince that it is not real. My reason is the fool of my senses."

As Ida's agitation increased he became calmer. He led her to a seat, and placed himself before her, still keeping her hand in his and looking earnestly in her face. Wild and impenetrable as was the confusion of ideas into which the last five minutes had plunged him; incapable as he was of finding a clue, of conjecturing an explanation, of forming a definite thought, much more of looking back upon past facts, sifting evidences, and admitting new unsuspected possibilities, he was yet conscious of an invincible determination to arrive at the truth, and that speedily; a determination strong enough to drive back and subdue the tumult of disorderly thoughts which surrounded it, and to keep them in check till it should be satisfied. Ida felt ready to faint and unable to speak; but his roused will had, as it were, laid a grasp upon her from which she could not escape, and her paleness, her trembling, her shrinking gaze, her broken, inarticulate attempts at speech were all answers more forcible than uttered words could have been.

"I am to believe, then," said he, with the suddenness of conviction after a painful pause, "I am to believe that the lady whom I have just now seen, and who calls herself Mrs. Chester, is—my wife,"—he pronounced the words with difficulty, and almost as if they were forced from him by some mechanical cause independent of himself,—

"and you know it."

Ida was absolutely silent. He dropped her hand and sprang towards the door of the room, but she interposed, with a movement more rapid than his own.

"Mr. Tyrrell, have mercy!" she cried; "do not kill her, whatever her errors may have been. She does not even know that you are in the house; it is but two days since the delirium left her."

He returned. He was now perfectly calm, and had assumed a strange sort of unnatural imitation of his ordinary manner, so polished, easy and self-possessed. He smiled as he answered her:—

"I am not unreasonable in my demands. You will allow that my position is rather peculiar—unusual, to say the least of it; and it is equally unusual that so young a lady as yourself should be concerned in *such* a matter as this. If you will have the kindness to answer my questions, plainly and truly, (excuse the stipulation,) I will make no attempt to force myself into that lady's presence. How your father, whom I thought my friend, and an upright man, will answer for the part which he has played in this deception, of which I have been the ridiculous and unsuspecting dupe, I must leave it to his conscience to decide. You must have a curious story to tell me;—pray begin—I am all attention—quite a romance of real life, I suppose; the tyrant husband, and the runaway wife of whom one reads in novels."

"Mr. Tyrrell," replied Ida, with spirit, "your agitation excuses you; but if you were yourself you would hardly have suspected my father of anything which conscience could find a difficulty in justifying. He is as ignorant of—of *this*—as I was till a few days ago."

"Of *this*?" he repeated, with singular animation. "Then I am right! How could I be mistaken! Yet how—what is it—what can it mean?"

He sat down, muttering to himself, like a man completely overpowered, yet in a moment resumed his inquiry, hurriedly, and as if he feared lest any forgetfulness on his part should enable Ida to escape.

"Miss Lee," he said, earnestly, "you must surely feel for me;—this is no place for such an explanation—if explanation there be. I declare to you, I feel as if my reason were tottering and falling. I entreat of your humanity—I have a right to demand of your justice, to insist, to command, that you will either give me an explanation, or suffer me to obtain it for myself."

Ida covered her face with her hands.

"You have a right—of course you have a right," she exclaimed. "Oh, what shall I, what ought I to do?"

"Can there possibly be any question of *right*," asked Tyrrell, in an unsteady voice, "where it is a husband who asks you to give him an account of a wife, whom, for five years, he has supposed to be dead? Can this be a case for hesitation or for scruples? At least, can anything prevent me from satisfying myself if you will not satisfy me?"

"Mr. Tyrrell," cried Ida, weeping, and taking his hand in hers, "will you not forgive her? She has done wrong, but she has suffered, oh, so much! She has been nearly dying—she is very miserable. She has been my kind friend—my dear mother. Oh! how shall I do my duty both by her and by you?"

He withdrew his hands, and answered her coldly, a whole flood of bitterness rising in his proud heart, now beginning to recover from its first overpowering emotion.

"Pardon me," said he; "but this conflict of duty should never have been imposed upon you. You must allow me to take the matter into my own hands."

Ida shrieked, and darted before the door of the room. The one sole idea that possessed her was that if Tyrrell were to enter that chamber Madeline would assuredly and instantly die.

Hitherto they had spoken very low, with that unconscious consideration of outward circumstances and difficulties which seldom forsakes us, even when under the influence of violent emotion. Ida's scream was, however, audible beyond the precincts of the lobby; and a third person was immediately added to their colloquy in the shape of aunt Melissa.

"What is the matter?—what is the matter?" exclaimed she, assuming double the alarm she felt,

in order to avenge her outraged nerves upon the offender. She held her hand tightly over her heart, as if she were afraid lest it should actually leap out of her body, and the inner corners of her eyebrows had a most irregular and agonized expression, bearing no proportion at all to anything less than murder. Elderly ladies often do this, especially if a door is shut suddenly, or if a dog, belonging to any person whom they do not like, barks near the window. They do it so well from long practice that their unsuspecting juniors are sometimes beguiled into believing that they are enduring a great shock with remarkable heroism.

"My dearest Ida!" added aunt Melissa, in a tone of tragic appeal, looking daggers at the poor girl, who answered her hesitatingly, and scarce audibly. "Oh! I beg your pardon! I was only startled."

Mr. Tyrrell forestalled the coming storm. "Miss Lee did not know that I was near her till I touched her shoulder," said he. "She resembles you, in the fragility of her nerves—let us hope that the resemblance may not stop here. But I am quite ashamed to have caused such a commotion."

"I was afraid somebody was hurt," said Melissa, in a faint, cross tone; the compliment having a little subdued her, though it was not quite strong enough to conquer her altogether.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Tyrrell, "you look quite pale. You should take more care of yourself—indeed, you should. You exert yourself too much. Let me persuade you to lie down for half-an-hour. Miss Ida Lee and I"—(he had drawn Ida's arm within his own, and she did not dare resist him)—"are going to take a turn in the garden." Now, pray lie down on the sofa, and rest, and let us find you with a little more color in your cheeks on our return. You will be quite knocked up."

He led the ladies into the drawing-room while he spoke; and did not rest until he had fairly deposited aunt Melissa on the sofa, having confused her into a sort of practical belief that Ida's scream was somehow or other the result of her own over-exertion, and that she must certainly take more care of herself in future. It was done very rapidly, and before Ida had recovered her astonishment at the audacity of his acting, and his presence of mind, she found herself alone with him in the garden. Silently and tremblingly she suffered him to place her on a bench; she struggled to collect her thoughts, anticipating what was coming, but pure vague fear was literally her only feeling.

"Miss Lee," said he gently but resolutely, "I beg your pardon for having distressed you; I am sure I need make no apology, nor can I pause to consider custom or politeness—such a position as mine must make its own rules. I am going to leave you for ten minutes—you require a little time for consideration, and I would not take you by surprise. At the end of that time I shall return, and if you do not then think it right to

answer my questions, I must proceed to obtain the information I require for myself. I do not mean this as a threat ; but no other way is left me."

He did not give her time to answer, but withdrew at once to the further end of the walk ; not so far, however, as to be out of sight of the bench on which Ida was sitting.

The moment Ida was left alone she buried her face in her hands, and prayed for guidance with her whole heart. For the first time in her life she felt that she could not tell right from wrong ; she was compelled to act, and there were but two paths before her ; to each she was invited by a duty—from each repelled by a crime. Madeline had sinned in casting off her husband's authority—that authority was indelible, the work of God and not of man ; it could not be right to shield her from it, to aid her in escaping it. But Madeline had trusted Ida, and it would be base indeed, to betray her fearless, unsuspecting confidence. These two points presented themselves again and again to poor Ida's gaze, and as often she turned away blinded by tears and unable to pronounce a decision. She tried to separate and arrange her thoughts. The secret was discovered ; that was evident, and in that she had no part—it would be mere child's play, it would be altogether unworthy to assume the appearance of concealment any longer ; she was truth itself, and she could not do this. If she could prevail upon him to wait a week, till Madeline's health was sufficiently restored for her to decide for herself—at present she dreaded agitation for her too much to venture to put the question before her. All the while Ida never varied for a moment from her belief that Madeline was bound to return to her husband, and at all risks she must indeed do this. If she should not get better (and Ida wept at the thought) she *must* be told, even if it were to kill her, that she may be able to do right before she dies. Ida shuddered at the thought of her false tenderness leading her to commit so great a crime against her friend as to help her in doing wrong, or lose her the opportunity of atonement. At that moment she felt ready to go to her without hesitation, and make her aware of the truth at all hazards. Then the idea suddenly presented itself—could *any* means be wrong which might bring about a reconciliation without injuring Madeline's health ? The journal—if Mr. Tyrrell could but see it, Ida felt certain that all his anger would be turned into pity, sympathy, self-accusation, love—she felt certain that he would then treat Madeline with the tenderest consideration ; that all would be well between them. This journal was in her possession—could it be wrong to give it to him ? Were she to ask Madeline's permission, she felt sure that it would be refused ; besides, the very asking permission would of course involve a revelation of all the circumstances. Could it be wrong to serve Madeline without her consent, to make her plead for herself, instead of trying ineffectually and feebly to plead for her ? All that Ida knew of her history was derived from the pages of that journal,

and she could not answer one of Mr. Tyrrell's questions without a breach of confidence as real as if she were to show him the book. Passion, pride, feeling, delicacy, would all combine to make Madeline averse that he should see it if she knew of it beforehand, yet if her better self could decide for her unbiassed it would surely decide in the affirmative. Might not Ida, then, decide the question thus for her ; would not Madeline be the first to thank and bless her for it when she found the happy consequences of the act ? Ida closed her eyes, and her young fresh fancy built up a beautiful castle in a moment. She saw Madeline and Tyrrell happy, reconciled, and mutually forgiving ; she went quickly into the details of their future life ; she saw their child growing up between them in strength and loveliness ; she saw the brightness and tranquillity of evening richly repaying her friend for the storms and sorrows of the day ; she even saw how Tyrrell fell ill, and Madeline nursed him with all possible tenderness and devotion ; and how, as he looked up gratefully in her face, and pressed her hand as she stooped over him, they both remembered their early misery and disunion, and thanked Ida in their hearts for the daring steps which had brought them together, and taught them to know each other. No way but this could have achieved the same end, for Madeline would never have told—could never have even suggested the half of what she had written ; and wounded pride and suppressed feeling would have thrown a thousand disguises over her real nature, and given false emphasis to every tone, and cold expression to every look. But the picture which she had drawn of herself in that journal was living and irresistible—one look was conviction.

And here Ida paused to ask herself one more question, "Are not the results of all man's actions in God's hands ?" And the burning words wrote themselves upon her heart, "Thou shalt not do evil that good may come."

The ten minutes were past, and Mr. Tyrrell returned :—

"Understand me," said he, before she had time to speak, "I am not going to force, to urge, not even to *suggest* any line of action which may prove to be repugnant to—your friend. She has decided for herself in the first instance ; she shall do so again now. But I have a right to know the grounds of her original decision ; I have a right," he added, a certain degree of passion becoming observable in his tone, in spite of his effort to maintain entire composure of demeanor, "to know all ; and I will know it from some means or from some source."

"Mr. Tyrrell," said Ida in a low trembling voice, "I have made up my mind what to do ; I only wish to do right, and if I do wrong it is from mistake, not from intention. You have every reason to feel outraged and indignant ; all I ask is that you will wait. Listen to me, pray, only for one moment. This is my dearest, kindest, best friend next to my father : overcome with agitation,

and under the influence of fever, she has confided the secrets of her life to me; she could not speak, but she put into my hands a journal which she has written, and which would explain the whole to you, which I will venture to say you *could* not read without the deepest sympathy. She gave this to me on the night when she was first taken ill; we have never exchanged a word on the subject since. Her illness was caused by the sight of her child; she recognized him, and the agitation brought on brain fever. I have never dared to allude to it lest I should excite her. She does not know that you are in the house; when we are together she sits silent and weeps much. I have no right to judge either her or you. What can I do, but ask you to have patience till her health is so far restored that an interview would not be dangerous; and then leave you to judge and act for yourself? I will pray for her,"—here Ida's tears began to flow fast; "I do pray for her with all my heart, that she may be strengthened to do right, and that she may be comforted; and, so far as I can, I will never cease trying to comfort and help and persuade her. Can I do anything else?"

She spoke rapidly and with great emotion; he made no attempt to interrupt her, but when she paused he took her hand and said, quickly, "Will you show me this journal?"

"Can you ask it?" returned she, fixing her childlike eyes upon his face. "I believe honestly, that, were you to read it, all your views would change, and you could not help being reconciled. But it was given me in confidence, and it is sacred; it is not in my power. I have no right to use any judgment about it."

There are few who can withstand the simple eloquence of truth, and Ida's innocent appeal went straight to the heart of her hearer. He remained silent for some minutes, still holding her hand with a changed and gentle expression of face.

"Tell me," said he at last, "when did this fever attack her, and when did it leave her?"

"She has been two days free from delirium; she was taken ill more than a week ago; she is better every day, thank God."

"Well," said Mr. Tyrrell, "do not think me harsh, but though it is quite natural that you should be timid, and I do not blame you in the least, I think it is not necessary. Nay, don't look so distressed; consider a moment. She knows (he could not bring himself to utter her name) that Arthur is here—she must suspect that I am either come or coming. Think what must be working in her mind all the while she is sitting as you describe her, without speaking, and with many tears. Believe me, such suspense is worse than any certainty. All this is not my fault; she has placed herself in this strange, painful, unnatural position, and she cannot issue from it in *any* direction without great suffering. The sooner this is over the better. If you wait in hope that she will recover strength, you only give the poison more time to work. A week hence, seven days

more of silence and tears, seven nights of restlessness and doubt and weary pain, and she will be far less fit to undergo a shock than she is now."

"What would you have me do?" asked poor Ida, turning very pale.

"Go to her," replied Mr. Tyrrell, "now, this very moment. Tell her as gently and cautiously as you will, that I am here, and that I have seen her; tell her that I will not force myself into her presence either now, or at any future time; but that I insist upon knowing the history of these years, the causes of her behavior, in fact the *whole*; and that she has no right, no power to refuse it to me. Tell her that I am ready to consider any arrangement which she chooses to propose."

He stopped suddenly; he was evidently controlling himself by great exertion; and as his tone became bitter he ceased to speak, determined to say nothing which might distress Ida or expose his own feelings. Apart from the singular and agitating nature of the position in which he found himself, it was galling to his pride to the last degree to have his emotions thus made, so to speak, a spectacle for a young girl. He could not remember without mortification even the expressions of amazement which she had heard him utter. The very extremity of his confusion and agitation gave him, after the first shock was over, strength to conceal all outward demonstration of it.

Ida felt that she had no right to oppose him, nor to set her judgment against his, but her terror was extreme. "Must I do this?" asked she, her slight form quivering from head to foot.

"My dear child," he answered, "how can I spare you? you cannot feel the pain which I am giving you more acutely than I do. It is wrong—it is unnatural—it ought not to be. But where is there any remedy? Can I go to her myself—can I send any other messenger? Would you wish me—would it in fact be possible for me to open these miserable wounds to any other eyes? Is not one confidante *more* than enough for *such* a secret? Can I be expected to bear it more patiently than I do? Go to her—tell her all this, very tenderly—and ask her permission to put this journal in my hands, since I conclude she will scarcely wish to make her confessions in person."

The contrast between his assumed calmness, his real gentleness towards Ida, and the stern sarcasm which every now and then broke out, both in tone and glance, was most striking.

"Oh! forgive me," she replied; "I did not mean to be selfish; in fact, I was not thinking of myself, I was only frightened. But, of course, you know best, and no one but you has a right to decide. I will go." She drew a deep, painful sigh, compelled to submit, but unable to divest herself of dread of the results.

He pressed her hand kindly as he let it drop, and the tenderness of his manner was quite fatherly. "I would save you from this if I knew how," said he; "but since it must be, it is best

not to defer it. And then this most painful matter must be withdrawn entirely from your hands; leave her as soon as possible, and seek strength and refreshment for yourself. You don't know how much or how soon you may need it."

Something in his tone startled her, and she answered, struck by a sudden indefinable thought,—"Was it because you suspected anything that you were so anxious for a private interview with Madeline before?"

"No, no," returned he hastily. "What should I suspect? I had heard of her, and was anxious to know her. Go, my dear child, go, I entreat you."

She moved slowly away, and as he gazed after her he was twice obliged to remove the tears which gathered in his eyes. Then he returned to the contemplation of his own strange, inexplicable destiny.

"Is that you, dearest?" said the voice of Madeline, as Ida entered the sick chamber. "I am much better to-day, come to me; come close, sit down beside me. Will you read to me a little? Your reading soothes me like music, but there is something discordant if I try to read to myself, and my head begins to ache directly. Take your own favorite book—your mother's book—and read here this chapter."

She opened St. Thomas à Kempis as she spoke, and placed it before Ida, reading with a tremulous voice the title of the chapter. The words were very solemn. "Of the Oblation of Christ upon the Cross, and of Resignation of ourselves." Ida sat down beside the couch, and took the volume, but Madeline laid her hand over the page:—

"One moment!" she said. "Let us collect ourselves. Oh, Ida! those are awful words—the whole Christian creed, and the whole Christian life in one sentence. A summary of faith and duty, each syllable a sentence of condemnation! I have been thinking a great deal this morning about what faith ought to work in us; it is nothing, absolutely nothing, unless it is able so to turn the will against the heart, that we become, contrary to ourselves, strongest where we were most weak, bravest where we were the very slaves of fear. Unless the transformation be complete, what are we the better for it?"

"True," replied Ida timidly, for there was a degree of excitement in her friend's manner which somewhat alarmed her. "Is not that the reason why we always make self-denial the very threshold of the Christian temple?"

"Aye, self-denial," rejoined Madeline. "But what is self-denial? what is it that we see and know which takes the name of self-denial. A man who is naturally generous, takes the duty of charity, and gives all his substance to the poor; one who was born gentle, endures insult and provocation with meekness; one who is naturally reserved and distrustful, sacrifices human affections, and turns away from earthly happiness. This is called self-denial—but it is a mere cheat-

ing of the soul. Faith should be able to make every man excel in that particular duty to which he has the strongest aversion; the mean man should be boundless in liberality—the tender and patient heart should be fullest of zeal and daring—the proud, sensitive, self-dependent spirit should be tenderest in its love, noblest in its trust, deepest in its lowliness and abasement, gentlest in its forbearance. Can we dare say that we deny ourselves unless we do this? Is there anything like crucifixion of the will in such mere development and ennobling of natural tendencies as make up the greater part of our self-discipline? Is it faith, if we only believe and tremble?"

"Godfrey spoke in this way," answered Ida, very gently; "and he seemed to think that faith never could thus conquer and transfigure self. But we know that it can do so—that it has done so—that it must do so, sooner or later, through many difficulties, perhaps, alas! after many failures, in the life of every true servant of the cross. But papa used to say that it was a dangerous habit to talk of faith doing all this for us, as though our souls were to lie still and watch the work of their salvation; I remember he said that God gives us the will, the power, and the weapons, but he fights not *for* but *in* us; and while we owe every conquest to him, the fault of every defeat or delay is our own."

Madeline's eyes were full of light as they rested upon Ida's calm young face, and the fervor of their gaze had something painful in it. "Yes," she murmured, "we can do all things, *all* through him. Now read to me."

And Ida read falteringly, tenderly, as though in every word she were inflicting a wound upon herself, yet dared not stay her hand; and the last words sounded softly and awfully, like the voice of a bell tolling over wide waters.

"My sentence standeth sure; 'Unless a man forsake all, he cannot be my disciple. If thou therefore desire to be my disciple, offer up thyself unto me, with thy whole affections.'"

She closed the volume. Madeline's face was buried in her outspread hands. Ida kneeled down before her, and laid her clasped hands upon her knee. "Listen to me, dearest," said she, after a pause; "I have something to say to you."

Oh, that little, quiet, common phrase, "I have something to say to you!" How often does it usher in the terrors, the griefs, the agonies of life! Love that has grown cold, so announces the change which maketh desolate; kindness that would fain soften the pain it is forced to inflict, takes refuge in that brief preface to a whole volume of sorrows; mere politeness borrows it sometimes, a thin disguise for absolute cruelty; and sometimes too, shy happiness holds it up as a screen, and shows her bright countenance peeping from behind it, after one moment's ineffectual hesitation. It is like the seal upon a letter, betokening *something* within, perchance the sentence of a lifetime.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIR OF MYSELF.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "BRAMBLETYE HOUSE," &C. &C.

[Accidental circumstances prevented the appearance of this Tale during the life-time of its gifted and lamented Author, but the proofs were corrected by him. Taken in connection with the melancholy event which so speedily and unexpectedly followed its composition, the article presents a singular coincidence of title, and becomes invested with deep and peculiar interest.—ED. N. M. MAG.]

CHAPTER I.

"You here!" I exclaimed, in no very courteous tone, as I turned round, and saw my old friend Dr. Linnel quietly seating himself by my bedside. "Who sent for you?"

"No one; I was brought hither by one of the best and prettiest young ladies in all Warwickshire—your daughter."

"Then Sarah has not only taken a very great liberty, but has disobeyed my positive orders, as she has done more than once lately. For some time past has she been pestering me to send for you, which I have constantly refused to do. I have told her, at least a hundred times, that I don't like physic, and hate doctors."

"I am glad to see that your malady has not injured your talent for paying compliments."

"Nay, I meant not to say anything rude or personal. As a visitant or a friend I am always glad to see you. Even when you are sarcastic and say sharp things, as you do sometimes, one cannot be offended with a man who wears such a bland, imperturbable smile, and speaks in so soft a voice; but as a writer of prescriptions, I confess frankly—you know I hate flummery—that I had rather have your room than your company. When my time's come, I can die without the assistance of a doctor."

"Very likely; but the question is, can you live without it?"

"Why not? I am sixty-three, and never consulted a physician in all my life."

"Perhaps you were never ill before?"

"Never! and I'm not exactly ill now, only completely out of sorts, as most men are at this precise time of life—weak and languid, and all that sort of thing—seedy, as my son George calls it; and so I promised Sarah that I would lie abed to-day, just to see whether it would recruit me a bit."

"Your daughter gave you very good advice; and perhaps I may be able to do the same, if you will tell me the exact nature of your ailment, which you can hardly refuse, now that you have confessed yourself to be completely out of sorts, and that I have come so far on purpose to see you."

"I have already told you my complaint; I am sixty-three—my grand climacteric, you know:

nine times seven; both of them unlucky numbers. No one escapes altogether at this confounded period. George wrote me on my last birthday that a most dangerous time was coming, and that I must expect to be confoundedly seedy for some months; but that there was no kind of use in seeing a doctor, as the indisposition was natural and inevitable."

"I thought all belief in the 'critical year' had been long since abandoned, except by the old women who disguise themselves as old men. Your son is young enough to know better. Be assured, my good friend, that your sickness has no reference whatever to this peculiar year of your life. Cannot you assign any other cause for this sudden change in a constitution which has hitherto been so healthy?"

"Well, I don't know. I have certainly had a good deal of worry and anxiety lately."

"Yet few men have been so prosperous. The world gives you credit for having made an immense fortune by your contracts with government."

"The world says true; but wealth, I find, cannot always buy health, and still less happiness. I tell you what, doctor—when a fellow has everything to fear and nothing to hope, he will sometimes look back with regret to the careless days when he had everything to hope and nothing to fear."

"Thank Heaven, I am in the former predicament, and trust always to remain so."

"Nay, doctor, you may get rich when you get old, as I have done."

"In other words, I may scrape up money when I am too old to enjoy it, and cannot long retain it. I hope the blind goddess will spare me all such cruel kindness."

"Fate has spared you one calamity—you have no children. I have only two; but, oh! my dear Linnel! words cannot tell you how much disappointment, misery, and vexation, they have latterly occasioned me. If there is one man I hate more than another, it is Godfrey Thorpe, of Oakfield Hall, and not without many and good reasons, exclusively of his being a pompous, supercilious blockhead, as proud as Lucifer and as poor as Job. First, he procured me to be blackballed at the County Club, insolently declaring that he could not associate with a *ci-devant* maltster. Secondly, his interest with the commissary-general, and certain charges of malpractices on my part—for I'm sure the slanders came from him—prevented my getting the great contract for supplying the cavalry with provender. Thirdly, he ousted me from the borough which I had represented for five years, actually beating me with my own money, for I had just lent him an additional eight thousand pounds on the Oakfield estate, which is now mortgaged to its full value. However, there is one comfort; if he goes on much longer with his hounds and horses, and his grand establishment, I hope, one of these fine days, to foreclose, and oust him from his boasted old hall, just as he turned me out of my borough."

"Provoking enough, I confess; but what has all

this to do with the annoyance you have suffered from your children?"

"Listen, and you shall hear. Thorpe has an only daughter, not unattractive in person, but an artful, sly minx, who, being probably well aware of her father's desperate circumstances, and knowing that my son was likely to be one of the richest fellows in the county, set her cap at him so successfully, that the silly gull became perfectly infatuated with her, and actually made her an offer of his hand, which was, of course, instantly accepted. That George should be easily ensnared, and be ready to throw himself away for a pretty plaything, does not surprise me, for he has ever been a spoilt child, accustomed from boyhood to have his own way, and confirmed by long indulgence in waywardness and obstinacy; but guess my shame and wrath when he told me, with an air of satisfaction, that the proud old insolvent had given his consent to the marriage solely on condition that his daughter's husband should take the name of Thorpe! What unparalleled insolence! How could he—how could my son—how could any man dream that, after toiling and moiling for years to build up a fortune, and found a family that might perpetuate my name, I should consent to see that name swamped, and my hard-earned wealth sacrificed, to continue the race, and clear the encumbered estates of a man whom I hated! I dismissed my mean-spirited son with an indignant prohibition of the marriage; and I have since added a codicil to my will, bequeathing my property to the County Hospital, should he ever espouse Julia Thorpe. There is some little comfort in that reflection; but I leave you to imagine how deeply, how cruelly my heart has been lacerated, by this disappointment of all my fondest and most cherished hopes."

CHAPTER II.

"It must be confessed that your son, knowing your antipathy to Mr. Thorpe, did not make a very discreet selection; but Wordsworth tells us that

The child's the father of the man,
and you ought not, therefore, to expect that spoilt boys should grow up to be dutiful sons."

"Ay, there you go, doctor, girding at me with your stereotyped smile and soft voice, as if you were flattering instead of condemning me. At all events, I never spoiled Sarah; indeed, people used to say that, in my blind partiality for George, I neglected his sister, and yet, by a singular coincidence, as if I were doomed to be equally tormented by both my children, she has committed a not less egregious act of folly, and has thwarted my wishes in a still more offensive and more unfilial manner. Not only has she refused an offer from Frank Rashleigh, the man upon whom I had set my heart as a son-in-law, because he is sure of being Earl of Downport, but she has confessed her attachment to Mr. Mason, the curate, a poor creature with a miserable 100*l.* a year."

"But having so rich a father, she does not, I

presume, think it necessary that her husband should be rich."

"But I do; or that he should have rank to make atonement for his poverty."

"What are her objections to the man you had chosen?"

"She says he is a fool and a profligate, with which I have nothing to do. I don't require my son-in-law to be a wise man or a moral one, but I want to see my daughter a countess. As to the curate, she has promised never to marry him without my consent, which she will never get in my life; and after my death my will has effectually forbidden the banns, for the 1000*l.* a year I have left her is to be reduced to 200*l.* if ever she becomes Mrs. Mason. Well now, doctor, if you deny that the climacterical year has anything to do with my indisposition, will you not admit that I have had worry, and vexation, and disappointment enough to disorder any man's health?"

"I always like my patient to give me his own impressions as to the cause of his malady; but before I tell you mine, you must detail the symptoms. You have a deranged, intermitting pulse, but you are not deficient in strength, for you have maintained this long conversation without any apparent exhaustion."

"That's purely accidental, for sometimes I am suddenly seized with distressing tremor of the heart, giddiness in the head, noise in the ears, flashing of the eyes, which continue till I become insensible, and remain so for a considerable time, just as if I were dead. Upon one occasion I remained three hours in this state, and when I recovered consciousness, another hour elapsed before I could speak. A week ago, after great languor of body and mind, I was suddenly deprived of all voluntary motion, my limbs being as rigid as if I were a statue; and while suffering these attacks, several blotches have appeared upon my body, an ailment to which I never have been previously subject. There, doctor, you have heard my symptoms; now, tell me, what's the matter with me?"

"These are diagnostics of syncope, paralysis, and catalepsy, but presented in so complicated and unusual a form that I cannot exactly specify the nature of your malady. Two things I will frankly tell you—I don't like these paroxysms, which are of a very ugly type; and I do not believe that they have been superinduced by mental anxiety, however poignant. Before we can suggest a remedy for your disordered state, we must try to discover the cause, which may, perhaps, be traced to some recent intemperance—some excess either in eating or drinking; or, at all events, to some deviation from your customary diet."

"A bad guess, doctor, for in no single respect have I altered my usual mode of living, except in taking two or three doses a day of Raby's Restorative."

"What the deuce is that?"

"Why, my son George, as I told you, is a firm believer in the great danger of the climacterical

year, and having heard that this medicine is a sure and wonderful restorer of the vital energies in old men, very kindly sent me up a large supply from Newmarket, where the patentee resides; and when I complain of getting worse, he is constantly urging me to increase the dose as the only remedy."

"Telling you, at the same time, that there was no use in sending for a doctor! Odd enough: I am so often called in by patients who have half killed themselves by trying to cure themselves, that I know the names of quack medicines pretty well, but I never heard of Raby's Restorative. Have you any of this precious compound in the room?"

"Yes; there is an unopened bottle of it by the glass."

"There is no label on the bottle," observed the doctor, "an appendage in which patent medicines are seldom deficient; nor is there any vendor's or chemist's name, an omission equally uncommon."

After smelling of it for some time, and applying it very cautiously to the tip of his tongue, he continued—

"I think I can guess *one* of the ingredients; but if you will allow me to analyze the mixture at home, I shall be better enabled to decide. Promise me, in the mean time, not to taste another drop till you see me to-morrow."

"Very well; but I shall miss it, for it's a very pleasant and comfortable cordial. George assures me that when taken in sufficient quantities it has always answered the purpose."

"Very likely; but what *was* the purpose? I am afraid of quack medicines, as I have already told you, and still more of amateur prescriptions."

"Why, you are as suspicious as Sarah, who has implored me, over and over, not to go on with the Restorative. Poor girl! she has been a capital nurse, waiting upon me early and late, and never out of humor, except when I insist on following George's advice and increasing the cordial."

"Her looks show that she has been doing too much. This must not be. I will send you a regular nurse to-morrow."

"As to the girl's looks I don't think much of that. Perhaps she is pining for her pauper lover; besides, my children ought to do something for me; I'm sure I have done enough for them, never hesitating, for their sakes, to commit a little irregularity in my contracts, when I thought it could be done safely—always remembering my young folks."

"And sometimes, as it seems, forgetting yourself."

"I should n't confess these little malpractices to any one else, and this I do in confidence; my confession is quite *entre nous*."

"No such thing; a third party has been listening to you all the time."

"Bless my heart! you don't say so. Who?—Where?"

The doctor pointed his fore-finger to the sky, and remained silent. Strange! that so simple an

action should send a thrill to my heart, and make me cast down my eyes with a feeling of humiliation and remorse. A minute or two elapsed before I could find courage to say—

"Nay, doctor, you must not be squeamish and puritanical. Every one cheats government."

"But no one cheats God!" was the reply; and I began to wish my rebuker out of the room, when he suddenly exclaimed—

"How comes it that your son makes Sarah the dispenser of your quack medicine, if such it is, and the watcher by your bed-side, when he himself ought to perform those duties?"

"Oh! George never misses the great Newmarket meeting, and he has a horse entered for the two first races. He is always happy when he is staying with his young friend, Sir Freeman Dashwood, and I have always indulged him in his whims and fancies."

"Even to the double doses of Raby's Restorative, although it has hitherto failed so signally in realizing its name. I will hurry home and send you some alexipharmic medicines, which I beg you will take as soon as you can."

"How fond you all are of long words! What the deuce are alexipharmics?"

"They are usually administered when we suspect the presence of poison in the system."

"Poison! what a horrible idea! Surely you do not suspect me of having been poisoned?"

"It is not my business to suspect, but to deal with symptoms, and yours very much resemble those of a poisoned man. You may have unconsciously received some deleterious matter into your system, which we must instantly endeavor to expel. Many men are thus destroyed without foul play of any sort. Yours is a case that requires prompt remedies, so I must hurry home. I will give directions to Sarah, in case you should have a recurrence of your attacks to-night, and will repeat my visit early in the morning."

CHAPTER III.

While I thought that Doctor Linnel had indulged in very unnecessary suspicions as to Raby's Restorative, I could not shake off an occasional misgiving touching its injurious effects upon my health. That the most deleterious compounds were sometimes sold under the name of quack medicines I was fully aware; but that my son, upon whom I had so fondly doted since his childhood, should press it upon me with so much importunity, unless he were fully convinced of its salutary quality, I could not bring myself to believe. With no ordinary interest, therefore, did I cross-question the doctor next morning, as to the results of his analysis; but his answers were so cautious, not to say evasive, that it was difficult to draw from them any very decided inference. Judging, however, by what he supposed or vaguely hinted, rather than by what he actually said, I was led to believe that his impressions were unfavorable, especially when he again alluded, with much significance of manner, to the absence of a

vendor's name, or label of any sort, on the bottles. He congratulated me on having discontinued the draughts, which might possibly, though he would not positively affirm it, have been the cause of my mysterious malady; and expressed a hope that its progress would be arrested by the copious use of the medicines he had prescribed.

My strange complaint, however, had got such complete possession of my system, that it would neither yield to the most potent remedies, nor to the unremitting and affectionate attentions of my daughter, who was now assisted by a regular nurse. With the fond illusion of an invalid, I still clung to the notion that my climacterical year prevented the remedies from proving efficacious; but whatever might be the cause, I could not conceal from myself that I was rapidly sinking. The derangement of all my bodily functions increased, the fainting fits and cataleptic attacks were more frequent and of longer continuance; and though, as I was assured, my personal appearance was far from indicating any fatal result, I felt as if life were passing away from me. At this juncture, unfortunately, the doctor was summoned to attend his sick mother at Bath; but as he left full instructions as to my treatment, and contemplated an early return to his home, I would not allow any other physician to be called in.

His absence, however, was unexpectedly protracted, and I dragged on without any material alteration in my state, until one morning a sudden and totally new sensation paralyzed my whole frame. My head swam; I felt as if Death had laid his hand upon my heart; and I had just breath enough to whisper to my attendant—

“Nurse, I am dying! all is over! I feel suffocated. Take off some of the bed-clothes.”

These were the last words I uttered before my burial! Marvellous and almost incredible as the statement may appear, I was only in a cataleptic trance, for although my limbs were stretched out in all the rigidity of death, my senses and my consciousness were by no means obliterated. Nay, they were in some respects intensified, for I could hear a distant whisper which would have been previously inaudible; one eye, being only half-closed, retained its full power of vision, and though the other was quite shut, methought I could see through the lid as clearly as if it had been a spectacle-glass. My tongue having lost all power of motion, I was utterly speechless, but my impeded breath, struggling in the transit of my body from vitality to inanimation, forced itself from my throat with a noise of gurgling and strangulation.

The fat nurse, who had hitherto approached me with a maternal smile and a coaxing voice, as she exclaimed,—“Now, my dear good sir, it's time to take the pills. How purely you do look this morning! My life on't we shall have you riding the white cob again in a week or two!”—the fat nurse, I say, had no sooner caught the choking sound I have mentioned, than she croaked in her natural accents—“Them's the death-

rattles! Then it is all over, sure enough, and high time too, God knows. Hanged if I did n't think the bothering old chap would never die. Can't imagine, for my part, how people *can* go on lingering in this way, willy-nilly, shilly-shally. If they can't die, they should live; and if they can't live, they should die. That's the worst of sickness; it *do* make folks so uncommon selfish, which is my peticklar 'bomination.”

Hastening into the parlor with which my bedroom communicated, the hater of selfishness snatched up a valuable shawl belonging to my daughter, as well as a cloth cloak of my own, and spread them over me, an action which would have surprised me, after having so recently requested her to remove some of the clothes, had I not recollected that these rapacious harpies claim as their perquisite everything lying on the bed when its occupant dies. Oh! how I wished for the use of my tongue, when I heard her afterwards affirming that the poor dear gentleman was “sadly cold and shivery just afore he went off, and so she covered him up comfortable.” Making no further addition to her perquisites than by pocketing a few odds and ends lying about the room, the worthy creature, putting on the most heart-broken look she could assume, and with a ready-prepared handkerchief in her hand, hurried away to announce my death to my daughter and the household.

CHAPTER IV.

As Sarah had driven over to Doctor Linnel's to ascertain the day of his return, for which she was becoming hourly more impatient, no one entered my chamber for more than two hours, an interval which gave me leisure to reflect upon my perilous and unprecedented state. In all my former attacks the mind had sympathized with the suspended vitality of the frame, but now I had vital senses and apprehensiveness in a dead integument. Was this dissolution of partnership temporary only? How long would it last? Was it final? What then was to be my ultimate fate? I had read of disembodied spirits, and I could understand the continuance of such a separate existence; but as for me, I was entombed alive in my own body—destined, perhaps, to die hideously and loathsomely, as my corporeal particles putrefied and decomposed. I had read, too, of miserable victims who, being buried in a trance, had turned round in their coffins; and of some who, having forced themselves out of them, had been discovered as huddled skeletons in a corner of the vault, whither they had crawled to die of hunger and exhaustion. Recoiling with a mental shudder from such horrible thoughts, I clung to the hope that, although my present fearful seizure was decidedly different from all my previous attacks, it might, after a little longer interval, terminate, like them, in my revival.

While I was alternately horrified and reassured by these anticipations of my fate, my daughter entered, and after bursting into a passion of tears

as she kissed my insensible lips, she kneeled down by my bed-side, and prayed long and earnestly for the discontinuance of my trance; for, in spite of the positive assurances of my death, she would not abandon the hope of my recovery. Some one, however, in the house, probably the nurse, who wished the forfeiture of the shawls to be confirmed, chose to consider me unequivocally defunct, for I heard the servants closing the shutters in the other apartments, and was made aware of various *post mortem* proceedings, to which I listened with conflicting feelings that baffle all description. The house was now quiet, but occasional sounds still fell upon my ear with an ominous and harrowing significance, for every passing hour announced by the hall clock seemed to be a passing-bell that ratified my decease, and brought me so much nearer to the appalling moment when I should be buried alive. At intervals other sounds were distinguishable; and as I caught the grating of wheels on the road, the whistle of a railway train, the clattering and chattering of my servants at their dinner, it seemed to me both unfeeling and unnatural that, on the very day of my supposed death, the world should be pursuing its ordinary occupations, and my own servants regaling themselves with their customary appetites, as if no such catastrophe had occurred.

Thus I remained, with no other companion than my own sad thoughts, till the evening, when my daughter's maid and the housemaid, having solemnly pledged themselves to stand by each other, whatever might happen, and grasping each other's hand to ensure the performance of the contract, stole on tiptoe into the chamber to have a peep at me, neither of them having ever seen a dead man. Peering at me furtively and askance, as if afraid of being scared by my ghost, they agreed, whisperingly, that I looked for all the world as if I were asleep, although nurse had maintained that I was as dead as a door-nail. Both declared that I should be no real gentleman if I had not remembered all the servants in my will; and as mourning was a matter of course, one of them had resolved that her dress should be made to fasten in front, and the other knew of a most becoming pattern for her white muslin cap. But their conversation was not limited to such frivolities, for the lady's maid declared, on the authority of her mistress, that Dr. Linnel, before he went away, had written to Mr. George, stating that he must return immediately; that Miss Sarah had said she hoped he would arrive the very next morning, and that the doctor himself was expected back on the day after; whereupon they stole away, with their hands still locked together.

In these tidings there was no small comfort. Should I revive, my son would have an instant opportunity of clearing himself from all suspicion touching the restorative, in which I still felt a hope rather than a confidence that he would succeed. Should my trance continue, there was no fear of my being buried alive, for Linnel would again be at my bedside long before the time of

my interment, and he was too skilful and experienced a physician not to distinguish between real and apparent death. My most appalling and revolting terror being thus removed, I patiently counted the clock till my usual bed-time, hoping that I might then fall asleep, and so escape the tedium of a long wakeful night. But sleep is a provision of nature for repairing the day's wear and tear; in my cataleptic state there had been no such expenditure of corporeal energy, and consequently there was no requirement of repose. Perhaps my mind was still too much agitated to settle into any sort of oblivion; perhaps it would never be otherwise, and my trance—existence—might be a perpetual consciousness, and consequently an unvaried misery. Such a state must soon lead to madness; but how could a man be mad and motionless, a maniac and a statue! What inconceivable misery to feel your brain raving and raging with an insanity which can find no vent for its fury, either by the explosions of the voice or the convulsive violence of the limbs! In such sad thoughts, wearily and drearily did the first night of my living death drag its slow length along.

CHAPTER V.

Forlorn as was my state, and frightful as was the prospect before me, the dawning light and the twittering of the birds that announced a new day fell cheerily upon my ear. At this early hour my daughter reappeared in the chamber, and recoiling with a slight shudder as she kissed me, exclaimed, in a voice broken by emotion—"Cold, quite cold! I fear there is no hope. My poor, dear father!" She did not despair, however, for she again knelt down and prayed fervently for my recovery, after which she retired weeping from the room. Inexpressively grateful to me was this proof of filial affection, although it was not unmingled with self-reproach, for I felt that my recent conduct to the poor girl had hardly entitled me to such a tender devotedness.

Various matin sounds now reached me from without; the ploughman's whistle, the wetting of the mower's scythe, the lowing and bleating of cattle, the crowing of cocks challenging each other; and as I listened complacently to this rural chorus, I distinctly and vividly saw—by a species of *clairvoyance* for which I am utterly unable to account—the whole morning landscape commanded by my drawing-room windows. The leaves of the white ash trees, flashing and fading in the ray, looked like so many twinkling eyes; the pines and poplars waving in the breeze, seemed to be stretching themselves out to shake off sleep; the river, dimpled by the air, threw sunny smiles at every flower it passed; the gilded summits of the distant hills sparkled in the blue sky, while their bases were still wreathed in vapor, which gradually floated upwards, and all became bright and joyous as if it were the wedding-day of heaven and earth. How long I remained gazing in delight upon this beautiful revelation I know

not, but probably some hours must have thus glided away, for the day had made good progress when my attention was arrested by the opening of the parlor-door, and I heard the well-known footsteps of my son George.

On reaching the bedside, he gazed at me for a few seconds in silence, after which he exclaimed, in an accent of unfeeling surprise—"Hang me if I see much alteration in the governor's appearance; a little paler, perhaps, nothing more." Laying his hand upon my cheek, and subsequently upon my heart, he continued—"No pulsation! and the cold, clammy feel of a corpse! Ay, ay, he's dead enough at last. The only wonder is that he should hold out so long." Oh! how I wished for a sudden resuscitation, that I might start from the bed, grapple him by the throat, and shout aloud, "Villain! did you not assert, over and over, that I should recover rapidly, if I would but swallow double doses of your infernal restorative? and now you wonder that it did not kill me sooner!"

But, alas! so far as corporeal energy was concerned I was indeed a corpse. "I must have a peep at the will," were the next words I heard. "Father told me its contents some time ago; nearly everything left to me; but seeing is believing: I should find it, he said, in the small drawer of the black *escritoire*." To this article of furniture, which stood in the adjoining parlor, he accordingly betook himself; and as the door of communication between the two rooms was left open, I was enabled to watch all his proceedings, and to overhear his comments. Having withdrawn the will from its place of deposit, he opened the shutters, seated himself by the window, and slowly perused it, ejaculating at intervals, "All right—all right—everything mine—of course—could n't be otherwise; an only son. But what on earth could my father mean by leaving so much to Sarah? What do women want with money? Only makes them a prey to fortune-hunters. Glad to see, though, that she is to be cut off if she marries the pauper curate. Don't want any beggars or beggars' brats in the family, always pestering you for assistance. Hallo! what's this! another paper!" So saying, he took up and opened the codicil, ran his eyes over its contents, and starting up as he finished, angrily ejaculated, "Damnation! here's a pretty go—all to be forfeited to the county hospital if ever I marry Julia Thorpe, the only girl in the whole wide world that I wish to marry; a girl, moreover, who is passionately attached to me, and who—why, it would be a downright robbery! Never heard of anything so cruel, so atrocious, so unnatural. But I won't submit to be plundered in this way; not such an ass. I'll have Julia, and I'll have the fortune too, as sure as my name is George; and what's more, I won't lose another moment in securing both. The governor yonder can't peach, for dead men tell no tales; no more can a burnt codicil, so here goes." With these words he again closed the window-shutters—locked the

inner door, so as to prevent observation or interruption—committed the codicil to the parlor-fire, closely watching its combustion—and then said, in a triumphant tone, as he looked tauntingly towards the bed, "Well, old gentleman! you haven't gained much by *that* dodge. The estates will be mine, and Julia will be mine, and all the codicils in the world cannot keep me out of them. Fairly outwitted the governor. Ha! ha! ha!"

Indescribably hideous and revolting, not to say demoniacal, did that laugh appear, coming from a wretch who stood in the presence of his victim, and that victim a father who had never denied him a request! His self-betrays in the soliloquy to which I had been listening, and his nefarious destruction of the codicil, had dispelled that belief of his innocence to which I had so fondly and so pertinaciously clung; and I could no longer repel the horrible conviction that he must have well known the poisonous nature of the restorative, and that he had probably concocted it with his own parricidal hands. The successful destruction of the codicil seemed to have elevated him into a state of almost drunken excitement, for he threw his arms wildly about, walking rapidly up and down the parlor, strode into the bed-chamber, snapped his fingers in triumph, and talked incoherently of his immediate marriage with Julia, of inviting his Newmarket friends to the wedding, of buying hounds and hunters, and of stocking his cellars with the rarest wines that money could command. In the midst of these riotous anticipations a tapping was heard at the parlor door, when the exulting expression of his features was instantly changed into a look of alarm, and his voice betrayed agitation as he demanded, "Who's there?—who's there? What do you want?"

I could not catch the reply, but the door was unlocked and opened, and my daughter entered, inquiring why he had locked himself in; to which he made no answer, but eagerly asked,

"When did you say Doctor Linnel was to return?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Confound it, so early! how deuced unlucky!"

"I thought you would be glad to know that we shall see him on Friday night or Saturday morning."

"Sarah, the funeral *must* take place on Friday—do you hear?—on Friday."

"My dear George, how can you talk so wildly! My poor father will only have been dead three days. What earthly motive can there be for hurrying the interment before the usual time?"

"What motive? A thousand—ten thousand, and each stronger than the other. I presume you are at last satisfied that our father is dead?"

"Alas! I can no longer doubt it."

"And you will admit, I suppose, if we keep him for six months, he won't be more dead than he is now?"

"That is no reason for so much indecent haste, and for such a total want of all filial feeling and

respect. What would the world say to your conduct? What reason would you assign for it?"

"The world is very slow to censure a man who has seven or eight thousand a year; and if my motive satisfies myself, that's quite enough. Hark ye, Sarah! Before I left Newmarket I received an impertinent and prying letter from Doctor Linnel, asking fifty questions about Raby's Restorative. I need not tell you what an obstinate and suspicious old fellow he is, and that he piques himself upon discovering the cause of everybody's death. It is his hobby, his monomania, under the influence of which I have not the smallest doubt that he will insist upon having the body opened. Now, you know what an insuperable objection my father had to this sort of mutilation. My own feelings are equally opposed to so barbarous and irreverent a practice; and so, to avoid all controversy and all annoyance, I have determined that the funeral shall take place immediately."

"But you might await the doctor's return, and refuse to indulge him in what you term his monomania."

"That might excite ugly suspicions, and give rise to a thousand innuendos and insinuations which it is much better to avoid."

"It seems to me that such an unusual precipitation is still more calculated to excite unpleasant comments."

"My dear Sarah, you know nothing about these matters. I am sole executor; I may do as I like: I choose to have my father buried on Friday, and I have summoned the undertaker to be here this afternoon for orders; so you need not say a word more on the subject."

CHAPTER VI.

It was now clear, manifest, indisputable, that I had been intentionally poisoned by my most ungrateful and unnatural son; and that I was to be hurried into the grave with a scandalous precipitation, lest the return of Doctor Linnel, and an examination of the body, might lead to a detection of the villany! To the lingering hope by which I had been hitherto sustained—the chance of reviving during the week that usually intervenes between death and interment—now succeeded an utter despair, aggravated by an intense rage against the miscreant to whose machinations I had fallen a victim, and a feeling of unutterable loathing and horror at the prospect of being buried alive. This volcano of fiery passion burnt inwardly with the more terrific energy, because it was denied all outward vent, either by voice or gesture. Groans and cries, fierce invective or convulsive violence, are the outbursts which nature has provided for the manifestation and relief of mental or corporeal agony; but while my anguish was probably more acute than human being had ever previously suffered, while my life might yet be saved by the utterance of a sound or the movement of a finger, I remained dumb, helpless, and immovable—a living corpse! It might have been thought that the misery of my plight was hardly susceptible of

increase, yet the necessity of listening to the heartless, the atrocious language of my son, rendered my tongue-tied impotency a thousand times more intolerable.

Alas! I was quickly doomed to hear still more revolting, still more cold-blooded orders issued by the parricide—for such he might be termed in intention, though his guilty purpose had not yet been consummated. Not very long after the retirement of my daughter from the parlor, the undertaker made his appearance, wearing his professional face of inconsolable woe, and walking as noiselessly as if he feared that his footfall might revive the deceased, and so occasion the loss of a lucrative job.

"Well, Tomkins," said the young reprobate, who had been solacing his grief with a bottle of Madeira and some sandwiches, "you guess, I dare say, why I have sent for you."

"Yes, sir; melancholy business, sad affair; very sorry to hear it."

"Come, come, Mr. Tomkins; no humbug, no flummery! What undertaker was ever sorry to hear of a death? Nonsense! people must die—always have, and always will; nothing new, so you need n't look so confoundedly miserable. Now to business. I should wish the old gentleman to have a handsome funeral."

"Oh, certainly, sir, certainly. A gentleman of your fine fortune would desire, of course, to have everything suitable."

"Yes, but I am not going to leave it to you. Here are my orders, all written down. No extras, you see; everything can soon be got ready, and so we will have the funeral on Friday."

"Dear me, did you say Friday, sir? That will be only three days after the death; and few people are ever buried under a week, unless there are particular reasons."

"Well, but there *are* particular reasons. He died of an infectious disease of a very virulent and malignant kind, and so for the sake of the living we must pop him under ground as fast as possible. You can have everything ready by next Friday, I suppose?—in fact you *must*."

"I question whether we could get the leaden coffin soldered together in such a hurry. Mr. Briggs, you see, must first come to take measure; then—"

"Why, then we won't have one at all. An elm coffin will do—keep him tight enough, I dare say. Not afraid of the corpse getting out, are you?"

"Oh dear no, sir; we screw 'em down too tight for that; only, when we bury in a vault, (yours is a capital one, sir,) it is customary to have lead."

"Well, well, the old gentleman will be among his own family; and though relations are so apt to quarrel when alive, I believe they are very good friends after death. You never heard of their coffins standing on end and running a-tilt at each other, did you?"

Tickled by the absurdity of this idea, he again

indulged in a burst of that inane and hideous laughter by which I had previously been revolted; and having dismissed the undertaker with a renewal of his peremptory orders, he walked up and down the room, quaffing fresh glasses of Madeira, fantastically swinging his arms, and chuckling as he muttered to himself, "Capital dodge about the malignant fever! Tomkins will spread it everywhere, and so explain the hurry. Good, good!"

CHAPTER VII.

Abandoned once more to solitude, silence, and my own miserable thoughts, I had no other occupation than to count every knell of the clock that brought me sixty minutes nearer to my living burial, a doom from which I recoiled with increasing horror as the chance of escaping it grew hourly less and less. On the following day the soul-sickening processes of preparation for the grave gave me a frightful foretaste of my impending fate. The undertaker came to measure me for my coffin, taking the dimensions of my body with as much indifference as if I had been a log of wood; and observing, with a complacent smile, that he had a ready-made article at home that would exactly fit—a lucky circumstance, as he was so much pressed for time. Two of his men subsequently tumbled and turned me over, without the smallest ceremony, to invest me in my shroud—the court-dress in which we all present ourselves at the grand levee of the King of Terrors. Something there was at once ridiculous and repulsive in the elaborate toilette with which they decorated a ghastly corpse, shortly to become a still more ghastly skeleton; while their coarse language was not less offensive than the unfeeling familiarity with which they performed their functions. "I say, old chap," cried one, laying his dirty hand upon my forehead, and moralizing with an evident complacency upon my plight; "I say, old chap, all your money was n't of no use, you see, when it comes to this here; and they do say you was n't over-nice in scraping it together. You wer' n't no better than you should be, though you did carry your head so high; but there's one comfort, you'll be called over the coals where you're going to: If you was to give me all your estate, and all your gold in the bank, I would n't change places with you. Ah, Joe, Joe!" he continued, turning to a boy by his side; "now you see how true it is that a live dog is better than a dead lion!"

"True enough, Mr. Hodges," was the reply; "it's all very well to be Dives, and have your swing among the bigwigs, in this here world; but Lazarus has the best of it, I reckon, in kingdom come."

"Well, Joe, what can be fairer! it's only turn and turn about, you know."

Such was the tone of the discourse to which I was condemned to listen, and I need not state that it did not tend to diminish the mental distress by which I had been already overwhelmed.

Thus did I lie, as a victim dressed out for sac-

rifice, counting the weary hours in unimaginable desolation and despair of spirit, until the arrival of the fatal Friday that was to consummate my horrible doom. Early on that morning my coffin was brought in and deposited by my bedside, my whole soul recoiling from it with an abhorrence only the more intense because my loathing was unsusceptible of utterance or manifestation. Mr. Hodges, the undertaker's foreman, drew up the window-blind, exclaiming, as he returned to the bedside,

"Well, I'm blessed if ever I see a more fresh-looking stiff-un," (such was his brutal nick-name for a corpse); "one might almost swear that he was only asleep. To be sure, he's only three days dead, and we don't often screw 'em up so fresh. And he ain't swelled the least in the world. Some dead-uns don't care what trouble they give, and will puff themselves out in such a thoughtless way after being measured, that it's a good hour's work to ram and jam them into their wooden box. We shan't have any such bother here; the old chap, you'll find, will fit as true as a trivet. Bear a hand, and let's try."

The coffin had been placed on tall tressels, and as I was lifted from the bed to be laid within it, my head was elevated for a few seconds, and I caught through the window a clear view—my last view, as I then believed—of the world without. Oh! how transcendently charming, how ineffably sweet, and beautiful, and glorious, did it appear! God's mild eye was radiant in the unclouded heavens; the birds were singing gayly, intoxicated with sunshine; the shifting lights and shades gave picturesque variety to hill and dale and grove, to earth and water; all was life and motion in the fields; and in the contiguous paddock I caught a glimpse of the white cob to whom I had been indebted for so many pleasant rides

By hedge-row elms and hillocks green,

and whose back I was never again to bestride! Never had the face of nature, beaming with flowery smiles, appeared so lovely; never had I clung to life with so much love and yearning as at the moment when I was about to be driven out of the world by

Murder most foul, as at the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

After I had been deposited in my narrow receptacle, not without many a coarse and unfeeling scoff from the parties who performed this office, I was again left to solitude and my own miserable thoughts. While I was occupied in calculating the lapse of time with an ever-increasing horror, I heard footsteps approaching; my daughter bent tenderly over me, repeatedly kissed my lips, while the tears fell fast upon my face; and whispering an almost inaudible "Farewell forever, my dear, dear father!" retired sobbing from the room. Most sweet and dear was this evidence of filial affection, even although it could not for an instant defer the appalling catastrophe which was about to overtake me.

CHAPTER VIII.

While reflecting upon the visit of my dear and good daughter, which was not altogether without a soothing influence upon my soul, I was startled by the tolling of the church-bell, at all times a solemn and impressive sound, but oh! how indescribably awful and harrowing to me, who heard it tolling for my own funeral, my own quick interment! Whatever faint lingerings of hope had hitherto clung to my heart now died away, and my despair was consummated when the foreman returned to the chamber and screwed down the top of the coffin, an operation which he effected with a celerity which surprised me. His assistants joining him after a brief interval, I was hoisted on their shoulders, carried through the parlor and the hall, and finally pushed into a hearse, the door of which must have been left open for several minutes, since I distinctly heard much of what was passing around me—a circumstance for which I was subsequently enabled to account. I caught the sound of my son's voice, talking not only in a tone of unconcern, but of absolute levity, with his Newmarket friend, Sir Freeman Dashwood, who had doubtless been summoned rather to celebrate the son's succession than to show respect to the deceased father. By the trampling of hoofs, the rolling of wheels, and other indications, I became aware that, my funeral not being deficient in any of the customary paraphernalia, I was to make my triumphal procession to the grave with all that mockery of earthly grandeur which is usually displayed when a gentleman's corpse is about to be subjected to the worms. The bearer of the black panache marshalled the array, followed by horses with nodding plumes and housings of sable velvet, and mourning-coaches whose occupants seemed to be anything but mourners, and wand-bearing footmen, and the decorated hearse in slow and solemn stateliness, conveying earth to earth with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious—*dust!*

On the arrival of this idle pageant, the vanity of vanities, at the church-door, the coffin was borne into the sacred building; and the funeral service, of which, from my position, I did not lose a single word, was performed by Mr. Mason, the curate, with a more than usual impressiveness and feeling. When I reflected—for I had time for thought even in that harrowing moment—that I had not only refused my daughter's hand to this gifted and excellent man, but had impoverished her, should she marry him after my decease, in order still further to enrich my unnatural son, my heart became penetrated by a pang of the most intense shame and remorse. Blind and erring mortals that we are! How often and how completely should we alter our wills, could we look forward for a few days or even for a few hours.

Callous indeed must be the heart of the mere spectator who, when the coffin is lowered, and he hears the mould rattling on the lid, accompanied by the solemn words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," remains unaffected by an

audible announcement, telling him, as if it were a voice from the grave, that a fellow-creature has been consigned to that final resting-place whither he himself, perhaps at no distant date, must inevitably follow him. What, then, must have been its effect upon me, to whom that sound was literally a death-rattle, utterly extinguishing hope, and imparting to my dark and dismal apprehensions a still blacker despair! A few steps in the churchyard, usually covered with a slab of stone, led down to the door of our family vault. Down that slope I was carried; I was borne into the sepulchre; by the directions of the undertaker's foreman I was deposited on the ground near the entrance; the men withdrew; the door was locked; I heard the departing footsteps of the assembled spectators; all was over; I was buried alive!

Long as I had anticipated this frightful result, I had hitherto been unable to realize it to my own mind; and even now that the catastrophe had actually occurred, my thoughts, strange to say, dwelt more on its immediate than its ultimate effect. It had ever been my ambition, stimulated perhaps by my dislike of its proprietor, Godfrey Thorpe, to become the owner of Oakfield Hall, with its extensive deer-stocked park and wide domains; and I contrasted that coveted possession with my present habitation. My Elizabethan mansion was a coffin; my deer-stocked park was a narrow vault occupied with mouldering corpses; four mildewed walls were its ring-fence; and instead of the broad acres, the sunny cope of heaven, and the living face of nature, I was the lord of sepulchral darkness and noisome death. The miserable utterness of the contrast seemed to possess some unaccountable attraction, for it engrossed my reflections during several minutes.

Anon, as my mind wandered back to my past life, to the fine fortune I had made, and to the occasional malversations by which I had unfairly augmented it, a deep contrition and humiliation depressed my spirit; and I made a vow to my soul that if ever I should be restored to life—improbable, not to say impossible, as such a contingency appeared—I would make restitution, and thenceforward lead a righteous and blameless life in the sight of God and man. In this frame of mind I prayed long and fervently for pardon of my misdeeds—a penitent appeal to Heaven which afforded me a momentary solace.

CHAPTER IX.

Quickly, too quickly, however, did my thoughts, recurring to my miserable plight, begin to speculate upon the nature of the horrors in which it must inevitably terminate. Should I, recovering my muscular powers and my voice, make desperate and frantic efforts to force up the lid of the coffin; and, failing in that struggle, madly scream and shout for assistance? Faint and forlorn must be such a hope, for the church was an isolated building, and there were neither houses nor footpaths in its immediate vicinity. Even if I succeeded

in escaping from the coffin, I should still be a prisoner in the vault, to stumble over the mouldering remains of my forefathers, finally to perish slowly and wretchedly of madness and starvation. One alternative remained. My apparent death might gradually be changed into a real one; life might faint away from me, and I might slide into another world without suffering, and almost without consciousness—an euthanasia for which I put up fresh prayers to the Fountain of Mercy.

A new turn was given to my reflections by the striking of the church clock, whose echoes reverberated through the empty edifice with a peculiar solemnity; and I occupied myself in mentally reckoning the minutes till the sound was repeated, to which I listened with a mingled feeling of dismay and consolation. True, it warned me that I was an hour nearer to death, but it proved also that I was not yet completely cut off from the upper world; nay, it seemed to restore me to the living scenes I had quitted, for my mind, floating upwards on every fresh vibration, dwelt among all the objects and occupations appropriate to that peculiar time. Who can wonder that I should find a melancholy pleasure in the delusion of this waking dream?

It was dispelled by a very different sound—by the chirping and twittering of birds, some of them singing from the adjacent yew-tree, and others hopping about, as I conjectured, close to the steps of my vault. Sadness there was in their merriment, for it made my own miserable plight more bitter, and I could not help mentally ejaculating,

“Oh, blessed birds! ye have the bright sun and the balmy air for your recreation; ye have wings to convey ye over the whole beautiful expanse of nature; ye have voices to give expression to your delight, and to convert happiness into music; while I—” The contrast was too horrible, and I wrenched my thoughts away from its contemplation.

Evening had arrived, and all was silence, when suddenly the church-organ poured forth its rich, swelling, and sonorous volume of sound, followed by the melodious voices of children singing a hymn, and blending into a harmony ineffably sweet and solemn. For a moment I was bewildered, and I should have believed myself under the influence of another dream, had I not recollected that it was Friday evening, when the clerk and organist invariably summoned the charity children to the church, that they might rehearse the singing for the coming Sabbath. Oh! how I yearned to join in their devotions! Oh! with what complacency of soul did I listen to them! Oh! how my heart sank within me when the performance was over, and the church-doors were again locked, and the last lingering footstep was heard to quit the burial-ground!

Still, however, did those sacred symphonies vibrate in my ear, enchanting and exciting my fancy, until it conjured up an ideal presentiment of surpassing grandeur and glory. Methought I saw the last sun that earth was destined to behold slowly

sinking down into the shuddering sea; and a ghastly frown spread itself over the face of nature; and a sable curtain was lowered upon the world; and all was night, and deep darkness, and death:—when lo! in an opposite direction, the veil of heaven was lifted up; the aurora of a new and transcendently beautiful creation was revealed, its sun shining with a radiant and yet undazzling splendor; and the air was scented with aromatic odors; and fair-haired angels, hovering on roseate wings, struck their golden harps, attuning their dulcet and melodious voices to a choral anthem, as they majestically floated around a central throne, upon whose ineffable glories no human eye could bear to gaze. How long my faculties were absorbed in the contemplation of this vision I know not, but some hours must thus have slipped away, for when it was dispelled by the noise of a storm rushing across the churchyard, the clock was striking twelve. Heavily did its iron clang vibrate through the building, and send its sullen echoes far and near upon the pinions of the sweeping tempest.

Midnight! Superstitious as it may be, an undefined fear and awe ever hang about it like a shroud; but how immeasurably more impressive must have been the influence of the hour, with all its ghostly and ghastly associations, to me, inhumed and yet alive! surrounded by the mouldering remains of countless generations, and in actual contact with the corpses or the skeletons of my own forefathers! As if for the purpose of accumulating horrors upon horrors, the war of the elements became momentarily more loud and furious. The wind, which had previously moaned and groaned, now burst into a fierce howl; the yew-tree creaked and rustled as its boughs were lashed by the gust; the rain was driven in rattling plashes against the door of the vault, the steps that led down to it not having yet been covered over; and a splitting peal of thunder, that might almost have awakened the dead, seemed to shake the solid earth beneath me. In this terrific outburst the storm had spent its fury, for a lull succeeded, during which a faint sound fell upon mine ear that almost maddened me with excitement.

“Gracious heaven!” I exclaimed, in thought, “do my senses deceive me? can that be the tramp of feet? It is—it is! They come, nearer—nearer—nearer—they descend the steps—hist! hark!—the key rattles in the lock—it turns—the door is opened—the door is opened—the door is opened!”

Miraculous is the lightning speed with which, in a crisis like this, thoughts rush through the mind. In less than a second mine had solved the whole mystery, and I could account for my deliverance from the grave even before it had been accomplished. Dr. Linnel had returned sooner than was expected; his previous suspicions had been confirmed by the indecent haste of my burial; he had instantly despatched people to disinter me; his skill would quickly discover that I was only in a trance; he would restore me to life; I should

be enabled to reward my dutiful and affectionate daughter, to punish my unnatural son, to enjoy, perhaps, several years of an existence made happy by the consciousness that it was free from reproach in the sight of Heaven, and not unbeneficial to my fellow-creatures. Never, no, never, were I to live for a hundred years, shall I forget the flash of ecstasy that electrified my bosom at this moment! Hope, methought, leaped upon my throbbing heart, and clapped her hands, and shouted aloud in a transport of joy—"Saved! saved! saved!"

CHAPTER X.

The parties who entered the vault, as I quickly discovered by their voices, were the sexton, and Hodges, the foreman, who had superintended all the arrangements of my coffin.

"What a precious wild night, Master Griffith!" said the latter, "but not more wild and out of the way than the whole of this here day's work. Only to think of Mr. George, when his father's hardly cold, as a man may say, instead of riding home decent, after the funeral, giving a regular blow-out to all our fellows at the 'Jolly Cricketers,' making some on 'em as drunk as fiddlers, and then setting them to play at leap-frog; and he and Sir Freeman Dashwood laughing fit to split when they tumbled over one another."

"Well, I call that downright scandalous, and disgraceful to all parties, 'specially as he never axed me," replied the sexton.

The burning indignation with which I listened to this wicked and wanton insult upon my memory, this outrage upon all decency, was in some degree allayed by the recollection that my quick deliverance and anticipated revival would enable me to show my sense of such unnatural conduct.

"We shan't have much trouble with the coffin," resumed Hodges; "the lid baint half fastened, and I ha'n't screwed it down close, you see, not by a good eighth of an inch."

This explained the distinctness with which I had heard everything that passed around me, while the air admitted through the crevice may have assisted to preserve my life, for I presume some sort of imperceptible respiration must have been going on.

"You see, Griffith," continued the foreman, "if you have but the least opening in the world, it do help to keep the stiff-un so uncommon fresh. Ah! we don't often get such a prize as this; only three or four days dead; sweet as a violet; almost as good as if he were alive. I can tell Tall Holloway one thing—he shall pay me double for this here corpse afore ever he do stick a knife in him."

From the pinnacle of ineffable transport and ecstasy upon which my soul had perched, in the conviction of my reprieve and restoration to life, these withering words hurled me instantly down—down to an abyss of unutterable loathing and horror and despair, that made all my previous sufferings

appear a heaven. Tall Holloway was the familiar name of a professor in the neighboring town who gave lectures on anatomy, always illustrated by the dissection of human subjects; and it was manifest that the intruders in the vault, instead of coming as my deliverers, and the agents of Dr. Linnel, as I had so fondly conceived, were sacrilegious ruffians, whose purpose was to steal my body and sell it to the surgeons for mutilation and dismemberment!

Again with elastic speed did my thoughts rush forward to the probable result of their proceedings; but oh! how miserably different were my present anticipations from those in which I had so recently indulged! One only glimmering of hope was perceptible in the hideous prospect before me. It was just possible that Mr. Holloway, an experienced surgeon, discovering my entranced state, might stay his uplifted hand, throw away his scalpel, and succeed in effecting my resuscitation. But how much more probable that the progress of his operations might reanimate me for a time, only to writhe and die under the agony of my wounds; or perhaps to be patched up after I had been half-butchered, that I might stagger under the load of life as a maimed and disfigured cripple, a misery to myself and a revolting object to my friends!

While tortured by these harrowing ideas, the lid of the coffin was removed, and Hodges, turning his dark lantern full upon my face, said to his companion—"What d'ye think of that, Griffith! There's a beauty of a stiff-un! don't know as ever I see a finer. Just take hold of his legs, will ye, and help to lift him out."

By their joint exertions I was raised from the coffin, and deposited upon a piece of old carpet spread beside it—a position that enabled me to contemplate the scene before me. The sexton's bent and snowy head glistened, and his sharp eyes twinkled in the light, as he counted in the palm of his shrivelled hand, the ten shillings with which he had doubtless been bribed for giving admission to the vault. His accomplice, in spite of his revolting occupation, exhibited a not unpleasing physiognomy, and screwed down the lid with a complacent smile, as if he were well pleased with his night's work. The piled coffins at the back of the vault were mostly thrown into deep shade, though here and there an unruined nail or inscription-plate caught the flickering ray; or some ghastly bone, escaped from its mouldering receptacle, gathered a sickly gleam around it. The whole picture was framed in the black arch of the vault.

When the lid of the coffin had been replaced, the men rolled the carpet around me, raised me on their shoulders, carried me out, and laid me on a flat barrow or truck. I heard the door cautiously locked, and at the same moment I felt myself to be trundling along the churchyard path; the wheel being almost inaudible, owing to the softness of the ground, for it was still raining heavily.

CHAPTER XI.

On emerging from the burial-ground into the high-road, a sudden gust of wind turned back a portion of the carpeting, allowing the rain to beat against my head and face, and enabling me again to use my eyes, so far as the darkness would allow. If I had been peculiarly impressed with the beauty and splendor of the sunlit world as displayed to me through the window when they were first placing me in the coffin, I was still more deeply affected by the midnight glories that irradiated the sky, where the black and driving clouds partially revealed them. They drew my thoughts upwards to the mysterious and omnipotent Unseen, the Creator and Upholder of the universe, amid whose countless worlds the globe which we inhabit might be deemed no more than a particle of starry dust; but in the belief that not even the humblest dweller upon this insignificant speck would address himself to Heaven in vain, and that the Creator of all would listen to the prayers of all, I silently implored forgiveness for my past sins, and supplicated a deliverance from the terrible fate that menaced me. Supported by this act of devotion, I awaited my doom with less agony of soul than I had previously endured.

The road being that which led to my own house, I was familiar with all the objects of which I could obtain a glimpse as I passed along. My heart yearned strangely towards them; and as I gazed, fully believing it to be for the last time, upon a well-known tree, or even a field-gate, I felt as if I were being torn away from an old friend. Guess how immeasurably this tender sorrow must have been increased when we reached the entrance to my own residence, and Hodges, putting down the barrow, said,

"Hang me, if I baint a'most tired. The stiff-un aint no great weight, but these sandy roads be so uncommon heavy a'ter rain. Why, this is the old cove's roosting-place, I do declare. Ah! should n't wonder if he'd give a good lot of his money-bags to get out of the barrow, ring the bell, walk upstairs, and turn into a warm bed, instead of being stretched out on a cold dissecting-table."

In every fibre did my heart feel the contrast; for memory conjured up the years I had passed, and the many social and domestic pleasures I had enjoyed in that home which I was never to see again, which had now, by such iniquitous means, become the property of my partricial son. At this moment my grief and indignation were aggravated by a sound of hilarious laughter from the dining-room, where I conjectured that the miscreant and his boon companions from Newmarket had not yet concluded their Bacchanalian orgies. A thousand times more than ever did I now languish for a restoration to life, that I might expose and punish his atrocities, and dispossess him of the estates he had so villanously usurped.

Owing to the lateness of the hour and the inclemency of the weather, we did not encounter a single wayfarer on our further progress to the

house of Professor Holloway, which stood on the outskirts of the town. I was conveyed to the garden-gate, which Hodges unlocked; and again securing it, wheeled me to the back of the dwelling, opened a door, and passed with the truck into a small room, appropriated to Hodges for his disinterred bodies, in which a good fire was burning.

"This looks comfortable," he said; "I knew I should want a good drying a'ter such a job on such a night. I feel quite shivery, and shan't be no worse for a rummer of hot brandy and water. Where did I put the bottle?"

He withdrew into an inner apartment, probably for the purpose of changing his wet clothes, for his absence was of some duration.

Either from the effect of the refreshing night-air on my being taken out of the vault, or of the shower-bath to which I had been subjected, or of the reaction produced by my present exposure to a flaming fire, I became sensible, at this precise juncture, of a change in my corporeal system. It began with a gentle thrilling and throbbing at my bosom, succeeded by scarcely perceptible tremors and shudders, and a slight twitching of the limbs, accompanied by a sense of painful numbness and cold at the extremities. My frozen blood, thawed by the grateful warmth, struggled to resume circulation, though its first efforts were sluggish, and limited to the neighborhood of the heart. Slowly, however, it crawled onwards to the members, and, after a while, I found that I had the power to move my limbs, but only in a very small degree. Doubting the reality of this incipient reanimation, and wishing to test the delightful hope that thrilled through my nerves, I summoned my newly-awakened powers by making a strenuous effort to change my position; and though I did not quite succeed in my object, I had the satisfaction of hearing the truck upon which I was stretched creak beneath me. Ineffably dulcet and harmonious to mine ear was that untuneful sound, for it confirmed the cessation of my catalepsy, and announced, as with an angel's voice, the glad tidings of my speedy restoration to life, and light, and happiness.

But how far inferior did that voice seem to the matchless music of my own, when, after several vain efforts, my tongue was partially untied, and I succeeded in uttering the words—"Thank God! Thank God!" though they were breathed in an almost inaudible whisper. Scarcely had it passed my lips ere the foreman reëntered, walked to the fire, and was in the act of raising it with the poker, when my spasmodic twitchings shook the carpeting with which I was covered. The fellow had been too long conversant with midnight violations of the grave to have any apprehensions of ghosts, but he was evidently frightened, for he started back with the poker in his hand, ejaculating, as one of my legs again moved—

"The Lord above! The Lord above! May I never stir if the stiff-un baint alive and kicking!"

While he was still staring, utterly aghast and bewildered, I sought to draw him towards me,

that I might be better heard, by uttering the word—"Hodges!"—a sound at which he started in still greater alarm, muttering perturbedly to himself—

"He's no more dead than I am, and he knows my name! Here's a fix—here's a precious job! Sure as fate I shall be pulled up afore the magistrates, and it's a Botany Bay affair, that's what it is. 'T would n't take much to hush up the matter, and make all sure with this here"—his eye fell upon the poker as he spoke—"and I'm blessed if I don't think it would be an act of pure kindness to put him out of his misery; besides, a fellow may always take another chap's life to preserve his own."

My new danger flashed upon me in an instant, and not losing a moment in trying to repair the perilous mistake I had made by the mention of his name, I said, in the loudest tone I could utter—

"Save my life and I will make your fortune!"—words which acted like a charm. His altered countenance showed that a new light had broken in upon him; he came close to the truck, and putting down his ear, asked me what I had said; exclaiming, as I distinctly repeated my promise—

"It's a barg'n—it's a barg'n. Save ye! Lord love ye, that's what I will, with all the pleasure in life. I'm a reg'lar body-snatcher, as many a better man has been, but I baint a murderer: I would n't go for to Burke a fellow-creature. No; that's the very last thing as ever I should think on."

On intimating that my feet felt frozen and dead, he uncovered them, and placed the truck in such a position that they faced the fire; and on my pronouncing the word "tea," for I was miserably faint and thirsty, he cried with an expression of ineffable contempt—

"What's the use of them wishy-washy things? No, no; you shall have something better than tea."

So saying, he took a case-bottle of brandy from a closet, filled a small spoon, and poured it into my mouth. At first I was unable to swallow, but the warmth of the spirit gradually relaxed the muscles, and restored the power of deglutition, so that, after a few fruitless efforts, it passed down my throat. The dose was repeated three or four times, its administrator observing that—"if brandy would n't save me, nothing in the world would n't save me." Its effects, at all events, were rapid, for I felt the quickened circulation tingling through my whole frame. In answer to his inquiry what he should do next, I desired him to run for Doctor Linnel, who resided, most fortunately, in a neighboring street. This order being instantly obeyed, I was left alone to reflect, with a devoutly grateful heart, upon the strange life-involving perils to which I had been twice exposed, and upon the still more strange, not to say providential, occurrences by which I had been hitherto saved from destruction.

CHAPTER XII.

Curious as was the concurrence of circumstances which had produced my apparent death and real burial, the concatenation of events which terminated in my disinterment and my restoration to life was by no means less extraordinary. Among the subordinate causes contributing to the latter result, was the fortunate fact that Doctor Linnel, reaching his home at a late hour, and having an accumulation of letters to read, had not retired to rest when Hodges rang the night-bell and gave him a hurried statement of what had occurred; so that he was enabled to hasten back, and to be kneeling by my side in a very short time after the despatch of my messenger.

"Do not speak a word," was his first injunction; "you have no strength for talking. Leave everything to me; I will take care of you."

Ordering a mattress to be brought and to be spread before the fire, he placed me upon it; bottles of hot water were applied to the soles of my feet; he poured into my mouth a renovating cordial; after which preliminaries I was rubbed with warm flannels until both my operators were thrown into a profuse perspiration, and I myself felt a vital glow throughout my whole frame.

"All goes well," said the doctor; "but I must have you in my own house and under my own eye, or I cannot answer for your recovery. We must remove you before daylight. Bring me a couple of blankets immediately."

These being found, and hung before the fire till they were quite hot, were carefully wrapped around me, when the doctor and Hodges, both of whom were powerful men, placed me on their shoulders, and carried me to the residence of the former, where I was laid in his own bed, still enveloped in the heated blankets. Tenderly as I had been conveyed, the motion had quite exhausted me; and I lay extended, without speech or change of posture, until I fainted, or gradually sank into a gentle sleep.

All that could be accomplished by consummate skill, combined with an unremitting and most devoted friendship, was now exerted in my behalf, and with such success that I myself was astonished at the rapidity of my progress, though I was still occasionally prostrated by a milder form of the alarming attacks which had preceded my trance. Linnel had expressly stipulated that my marvellous resuscitation should, for the present, be kept a profound secret.

"You cannot be restored to your rights," urged that discreet friend, "you cannot resume your station in society, without active exertions, and an exposure to social and domestic trials of too exciting, not to say too harrowing, a nature to be safely encountered in your present critical state. Any painful agitation might occasion a relapse—a danger against which we must especially guard ourselves. When you are strong enough to face the world, I will not only give you notice, but

will stand by your side to support you in your undertaking."

Neglecting nothing that could contribute to my cheer of mind, as well as to the corroboration of my health, my kind friend, who frequently saw my daughter, brought me such gratifying accounts of her deep but unobtrusive grief for my presumed death, that I yearned with more than a paternal fondness to clasp the dear girl once more to my heart. Linnel, however, would not permit this until three weeks had elapsed, when he entered my room, saying :

"Here is a letter from dear Sarah, requesting permission to call and ask my advice, on a matter of importance, at twelve o'clock to-day. Now, if you will promise to command your feelings as well as you can, you shall be enconced in the arm-chair of our little back drawing-room, and overhear our interview; and after I have duly prepared her for the startling intelligence, I will announce your resuscitation, and apprise her of your presence."

All was done as he had arranged; but, though I had promised to lie *perdu* till the close of their interview, I could not avoid indulging myself in one momentary peep as she entered the room. Her deep mourning, and the shade of sorrow upon her features, imparted a more touching interest to her beauty. Oh! how lovely did she appear to me at that moment! Oh! how my heart thrilled when I caught the first accents of her soft and winning voice!

After pleading the long intimacy that had existed between myself and Linnel as an excuse for the trouble she was giving, she continued—

"You are aware that by my dear father's will I am reduced from a handsome independence to comparative poverty, if I marry Mr. Mason."

"I am; and if my friend had consulted me on the subject, I should have told him it was a foolish and unjustifiable act. What possible objection could he have had to such a man as Mason?"

"I believe that he had none whatever, but I am sure that he acted from the kindest motives. He thought that the daughter of so rich a man ought to make a grand alliance."

"In other words, he wanted to gratify his own ambition at your expense. A common fatherly feeling, but not very paternal, for all that."

"I had promised my dear father, in his lifetime, that I would never marry Mr. Mason without his consent; and nothing should have induced me to violate that pledge; but now that I am left—now that I am alone—now that, unfortunately, I have no—no—" The dear girl's voice was broken by emotion, and she paused a moment ere she could resume. "Do you think, doctor—I ask you as his oldest and best friend—do you think it would show any want of respect to my father's memory, if, after the expiration of two years, I were still to take this excellent, this exemplary, this irreproachable man as my husband?"

"None whatever, if you think he is worth the

sacrifice of eight hundred a year, and Mason allows you to make it."

"That was my great fear. Knowing the depth and delicacy of his attachment, and his disinterested regard for my welfare, I doubted whether I should get his consent; but he met the proposition with the frankness of a fine and noble nature. 'Were the cases reversed,' said he, 'my heart tells me that I should not hesitate a single moment to make the sacrifice to you; and I do not, therefore, hesitate a single moment in accepting the sacrifice from you. We shall still possess a moderate competency; and though I am but young, I have seen enough of the world to know that wealth without happiness is poverty, and that poverty with happiness is wealth.'"

"Mason is a wise man, and you are a sensible girl; but if you have made up your minds to this plan, why the deuce should you wait for two years? Why not marry as soon as you are out of mourning?"

"Because I would not ask Mason to take me without some sort of marriage-portion, however small. By saving for two years the greater part of the handsome income which my father assigned me in his will, I shall be enabled to reserve some surplus after buying and furnishing a small house; so that we shall literally start with love in a cottage, and a purse to meet any unexpected demands."

"My dear Sarah, I tell you once more that you are an uncommonly sensible girl, and I approve of everything you have done or have proposed doing, though I do not think it will be necessary to defer your marriage for two years; and if you can listen to a long story, to a narrative of events so strange as to be almost incredible, I will tell you why."

With infinite tact, and the most guarded circumspection, did he then begin to prepare his auditors for the startling disclosures he had to make. First reminding her that I had been subject to suspensions of animation, some of which had continued for many hours, he added, that there were well-attested instances of trances lasting so long, that the sufferers had been buried, even after having been kept above ground for the customary week, and had actually revived, as had been repeatedly proved by subsequent inspection of coffins and vaults. "Now, your poor father," he continued, "contrary, as I well know, to your earnest and even angry remonstrances, was scandalously hurried to the grave in three days after his death. Under these unusual circumstances there would be nothing improbable in his revival, nothing improbable in his being rescued from his miserable situation—nay, it is by no means impossible that at this very moment, recovered from the effects of his premature interment, he may be—"

"For God's sake do not trifle with my feelings," said Sarah, starting up in the greatest agitation, and vehemently clasping her companion's hand. "Oh, if you love me, tell me, do tell me—is there a chance, a hope, a possibility, that my dear, dear father may still be living—that I may again em-

brace him—that I may devote myself to his recovery—that I may testify my love, my duty, my unbounded gratitude to Heaven by——”

Unable any longer to restrain the fond and impassioned yearnings of my soul, I sobbed out the words,

“My child! my child! my own dear child!”

Recognizing my voice, she uttered a cry of joy, rushed into the back room, threw her arms around me, pressed me repeatedly to her heart, and kissed me over and over, in a paroxysm of hysterical rapture.

CHAPTER XIII.

A very different scene, an ordeal which I both desired and dreaded, awaited me on the following day, when I had resolved to disclose my resurrection to my unnatural son, to dispossess him of the fortune and estates he had so flagitiously usurped, and to announce to him his utter repudiation and disinheritorship. He was now on a visit at Oakfield Hall, for he was too much infatuated with the designing Julia to be long absent from her. Linnel, who would not let me undertake anything of an agitating nature except under his personal guidance, accompanied me in his carriage to the hall, where, on inquiring at the park lodge, we were informed that the party we were seeking had just entered the summer-house with Miss Thorpe, that they might view the sport on the water, as Sir Freeman Dashwood had taken down the dogs to hunt ducks. Alighting accordingly from the carriage, and leaning on my friend's arm, I walked towards the summer-house, which stood in the immediate vicinity of the lodge; and on reaching it sat down upon the steps to recover my breath, when, the door being ajar, I became an unintentional auditor of the following colloquy:—

“I say, Julia! wasn't it lucky that the governor died before he made any alteration in his will? I shall come into lots of tin, besides all the estates. When he took a crotchet into his head he was as obstinate as a mule; and he had sworn that if ever I married you he would cut me off with a shilling.”

“And if he had, dear George! it would not have made the smallest difference in my eyes. Where there is a sincere attachment, filthy lucre is never thought of. Thank Heaven, I am neither sordid nor selfish. Indeed, if there's one person in the world whom I despise more than another, it is the girl who marries for money.”

“All very fine; but it's no bad thing to have the cash, whether you marry for it or not. I tell you what—I have made up my mind to one thing. I'll have the best hounds and hunters in all Suffolk, and the best drag and the best racers in all England at the next Newmarket meeting. And there's another thing to which I have made up my mind; I'll marry you before the month is out.”

“What, my dear George! so soon after your father's death?”

“Yes, to be sure; why not? Waiting for a twelvemonth would n't make him more dead than he is, as I told Sarah when she kept up such a

bother about deferring the burial. He can't expect me to be very squeamish, when he wanted to cut me off with a shilling. Cut off himself now. Ha! ha! ha!”

The barking of dogs and the shouts of men being heard from the water, the lovers jumped up, and leaning on the sill of the open window gazed out upon the sport; at which moment I made my noiseless entry into the summer-house, and seated myself in one of the chairs which had just been vacated. For two or three minutes this unwelcome addition to the party remained unnoticed, but the lady at length turned round, uttered a piercing scream, and covering her eyes with her hands sank shuddering to the ground. Her companion was starting to her assistance when my figure caught his eye, and he became instantly transfixed, his eyes staring, his face petrified with horror, and his lips hoarsely ejaculating—

“God of heaven! my father's ghost!”

Unable to restrain my long suppressed indignation, I rushed upon him, grappled him by the collar, and shaking him with all the vehemence in my power, I shouted in his ear,—

“No, unnatural monster! no, miscreant! no, parricide! it is your father's living flesh and blood, as this grasp may convince you, and as I would still more effectually prove by striking you to the earth, and trampling on your prostrate body, had I strength to second my will. It is the father whose life you sought to destroy—whom you hurried to the grave with such guilty precipitation—who has been snatched from the jaws of death and recovered from his trance by a series of providential mercies, in order that he may become the instrument of Heaven in exposing and punishing your atrocious crimes.”

No sooner did the object of these denunciations discover that he had to deal with a human being instead of a spectre, than all his terror appeared to be dissipated; his countenance resumed its customary expression, and he cried, in his usual familiar tone,—

“Well, father, I have often seen you in a passion, but hang me if ever I saw you in such a towering rage as this.”

“Villain!” I resumed, for I was maddened by his audacious nonchalance, “what is the name of the chemist who sold you the poisonous mixture to which I became a victim?”

“Do you mean Raby's Restorative? capital stuff that! His name—his name? Hang me if I can recollect just now.”

“In what street of Newmarket does he live?”

“Street—street? I have forgotten that too. Oh no, I have n't. I remember now; I bought it of a fellow that travels about the country.”

“Miserable liar! this shuffling is a confession of your guilt. With the same regard for truth you will doubtless deny that you destroyed the codicil of my will.”

“Codicil! what codicil? I am ready to take my oath that I never—”

“Hold your impious tongue, and do not add

perjury to your other enormities. With my own eyes, while I was lying entranced, and not dead as you supposed, did I see you tear it up and commit it to the parlor-fire."

"No!—did you, though? What an artful dodge on your part! and what a precious spoon I must have been not to shut the bed-room door!"

Not less irritated than disgusted by his obdurate manner and offensive language, I hastened the termination of our colloquy by saying,

"Hark ye, sirrah, while I address you for the last time. I have made a new will, by which you are utterly and irrevocably disinherited, with the exception of an annual pittance just sufficient to preserve you from destitution, but only payable so long as you reside abroad. The moment you set foot upon the soil of England, its payment ceases. Here is a letter to my London agent, who will provide you a sum of money for your outfit. Away! hide your infamy in some of our colonies; the nearer to the Antipodes the better. Avaunt! Let me never see you more! Begone before I curse you!"

"The Devil and Doctor Faustus! here's a pretty go!" was all the reply of the hardened and unfeeling reprobate; and I had hardly quitted the summer-house when I heard once more the vacant and hideous laugh by which I had been previously insulted.

Not without difficulty did my tottering footsteps support me back to the carriage; I was lifted into it by the doctor and his servant, and was no sooner deposited on the seat than nature sank under the exertions I had made, and I fainted away.

From my knowledge of Miss Thorpe's character, I was not in the least surprised to learn that this disinterested heroine, who piqued herself upon being neither sordid nor selfish, who held in special contempt the girl that could marry for money, despatched a letter to my son on the very next day, stating that her own sacred sense of filial duty would not allow her to espouse any man against his father's consent, and that, therefore, their engagement must be considered as finally cancelled. I never heard, however, that she returned the valuable presents made to her by her infatuated lover.

CHAPTER XIV.

With equal good judgment and kind feeling, my friend invited Sarah to spend a few days in his house, well knowing that her society and her assistance as a nurse would be far more efficient than all his medicaments in restoring my bodily health and my cheer of mind. On the morning of her arrival I appointed her lover to meet her, when I joined together the hands of the delighted couple; gave my formal consent to their union, sanctifying it by my blessing, and adding, that so far from lessening the sum I had originally left to my daughter, I would settle twice the amount upon her on the day of her marriage. Mason now became an almost daily visitant at the house, and neither he nor his betrothed evinced any regret

when I expressed a wish that their nuptials should be solemnized without any unnecessary delay. Enraptured by the daily improvement in her father's health and spirits, combined with such a delightful and unexpected change in her own fate and prospects, my dear child seemed actually to imagine herself in heaven, and to my apprehensions she appeared to diffuse a heaven around her. Her radiant and smiling face was an incarnate sunbeam; her dulcet voice, melodized by joy, was the music of the spheres; her duteous and affectionate offices were the ministerings of a guardian angel. God bless her! there were moments when her fascinating endearments almost made me forget my repudiated son.

But they did not banish from my memory the vow made to my own soul while I was lying entranced and entombed, that in the event of my revival I would refund the sums I had unfairly gained in the execution of my government contracts. After having calculated their amount, with interest, which raised the total to several thousand pounds, I remitted the whole anonymously to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Naturally fond of money, I always found delight in reckoning up my profits; yet can I truly declare that I experienced ten times more pleasure in refunding this portion of my fortune, than I had ever felt in legitimately gaining ten times as much.

So completely had my attention been engaged by the recent marvellous occurrences, and by the preparations for the approaching marriage—so carefully, moreover, did I abstract my thoughts from the painful subject of my son—that several weeks slipped away without my adverting to the long and singular silence of the London agent to whom I had consigned him. Its cause was at length explained by the following letter—full enough, Heaven knows! of sadness and humiliation, and yet not altogether divested of mitigating considerations.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—More than once have I taken up my pen to write to you, and as often have I wanted courage to complete my letter, fearing to afflict you with evil tidings in your present delicate state; and I have since been silent, because it required some little time to ascertain the exact situation of your son, of whose whereabouts I was left in ignorance for a whole month. On his first arrival I observed a good deal of levity, not to say wildness, in his manner and discourse, but not sufficient to denote any positive aberration of mind. He seemed quite reconciled to his immediate expatriation, and accompanied me on board a splendid vessel bound for New Zealand, in which I secured a good berth for him, and paid his passage-money. On the following morning I obeyed your directions, by advancing him a sufficient sum to provide a handsome outfit, and to give him an advantageous start on his arrival in the colony.

"That night he quitted my house, nor did I hear of him again till I learnt that he had been committed to prison for an unprovoked and violent

assault, perpetrated in a drunken night brawl. From subsequent inquiries I learnt that the money he received had been lavished in riotous intemperance and excess of every sort, during which his eccentricities, freaks, and outrages, combined with his incoherent language and wild looks, had procured for him from his fellow-revelers the name of 'Crazy George.' Struck by the vacant expression of his features, and the rambling silliness of his language, I saw at once that he was in a state of mental alienation, brought on, as I conjectured, by his recent wildness of life; under which impression, having procured his discharge from prison, I took him to a physician, who has very extensive practice in the treatment of similar cases, and who has now seen him seven or eight times.

"His deliberate opinion, I am much distressed to state, is exceedingly unfavorable. Though the disorder of the faculties may have been more rapidly developed by recent occurrences, he does not consider it a temporary one, but arising from organic derangement, and therefore of a permanent and incurable character. He pronounces it to be a softening of the brain, a defect which gradually undermines the reasoning powers, and usually terminates in imbecility and idiocy. On my hinting that his patient was by no means a harmless simpleton, but had recently been harboring heinous designs, he replied that a combination of cunning and contrivance with great wickedness frequently characterized the incipient stages of this peculiar lunacy; and that, from the present condition of your son, he had no hesitation in declaring he must have been in an unsound state of mind for several months. 'Depend upon it,' such were the physician's own words, 'that this unfortunate young man, though he may have been competent to the ordinary purposes of life, has long been utterly defective in the moral sense; has ceased to know the difference between right and wrong, and cannot, therefore, during this period of morbid mental action, be fairly deemed an accountable being.'

"I have placed poor George for the present in a private lunatic asylum, and await your orders as to his ultimate disposal."

CHAPTER XV.

Sad and afflicting as it was, I have said that this letter was not without mitigating suggestions. It is a great, a deplorable, a heart-rending calamity to be the father of an incurable idiot; but it is infinitely more terrible to have a son who could contemplate, while in possession of his reason, the diabolical crime of parricide. From this horror and disgrace I was relieved. My heart was enabled to throw off the incubus that had darkened and crushed it. All was now cleared up, everything was now intelligible, and my misfortune, though still a heavy one, was not tainted by the unutterably hateful associations with which I had been previously haunted. My son's dabbings with the poisonous mixture—the monomania

which stimulated his horrible purpose—his reckless conduct—his heartless levity of tongue, when he should rather have been overwhelmed with shame and sorrow—and the vacant, misplaced, offensive laugh by which I had so often been revolted—all had now received a solution which showed them to have sprung from latent insanity, not from premeditated and conscious wickedness, not from the frivolity and defiance of an utterly callous heart, not from the deliberate suggestions of an abandoned nature. From an object of unavoidable disgust and hatred, my unfortunate boy was converted into a claimant for the profoundest pity and compassion. It was something to feel that I still had a son, even though he might be little better than a filial statue.

Although Hodges, the foreman, had strict moral justice been awarded him, deserved punishment rather than reward, I had made him a promise which I held myself sacredly bound to perform. Removing him, accordingly, from a neighborhood where he might have been tempted to a renewal of his unhallowed practices, I purchased for him in a provincial town a long-established and respectable business, by attention to which he cannot fail to realize a moderate independence.

More than a year has elapsed since the occurrence of the events stated in the preceding narrative; and though I have no further marvellous adventures to record, the interval has not been altogether uneventful. Godfrey Thorpe, after having run through his own fine fortune by every species of wanton extravagance, lived for some time upon the fortunes of others by running in debt, when, being unable to protract any longer the smash I had anticipated, he absconded from the seat of his ancestors, and is at present settled with his family at Boulogne.

Oakfield Hall, with its wide and fair domains, is now mine, and I am writing in the library of that Elizabethan mansion of which I had so long coveted the possession. Many of my fond and foolish yearnings have been chastised by my temporary consignment to the jaws of death; but *this* ambition, perhaps the vainest of my earthly vanities, has survived my apparent decease and real entombment, and I feel a daily and increasing pleasure as I wander over my broad acres. Nor are my rides less gratifying because I take them on my favorite white cob, whose back I never again expected to bestride when I caught a glimpse of him as the undertakers were depositing me in my coffin.

My daughter's marriage was solemnized a year ago, and I am already blessed with a little grandson, who bears my name, and who will become my heir. Mr. Mason, for whom I have purchased the advowson of the living, and who, conjointly with his wife, does the honors of Oakfield Hall, where they are permanently established, devotes himself with an exemplary zeal to the discharge of his pastoral duties, and is beloved by the whole neighborhood. Their union promises to be more than usually blessed; a prospect which affords me

the purest and most exquisite of all pleasures—the contemplation of that happiness which we have been instrumental in conferring upon others.

My poor son, whom I regularly see, though he no longer recognizes me, is in a private asylum for lunatics, where he receives every succor and consolation that his unfortunate state allows.—All hopes of his recovery have long been abandoned.

Though my constitution will never cease to feel the effects of the trying shocks it has sustained, I am still enabled, thank God! to participate in most of my customary enjoyments; nor am I without a hope that my moral health has been benefited by the ordeals through which I have passed, and that when I am finally called away,

I may give a better account of my stewardship than I could have done at an earlier period.

An eminent cutler of the Strand, one of whose relations had been buried alive, left a legacy of ten guineas to be given to any surgeon who should pass a stiletto through his heart before his body was committed to the grave; to facilitate the performance of which operation, the weapon was tied to the will. This example I have followed. Vain and even ridiculous as the precaution may be deemed, I have too vivid, too harrowing a recollection of my past sufferings, to incur the possibility of their recurrence. I have no wish to write—and, probably, my readers would have as little inclination to peruse—a *second* "Posthumous Memoir of Myself."

THE DEAD CHILD.

LET in the light of the fair sun,
And leave me here alone;
This hour with thee must be the last,
My dear, unspotted one!

Thy bier waits in the silent street,
And voiceless men are there;
While, in sad, solemn intervals,
The bell strikes on the air.

Through the bare trees the autumn wind
With rustling song complains
To the deep vales, and echoing hills,
In sad funeral strains.

And this is death;—these heavy eyes,
This eloquent, sweet face,
Where beauty, throned in innocence,
Sat with celestial grace.

These limbs, whose chiselled marble lines
But shame the sculptor's skill,
In more than mortal slumber wrapt,
Unconscious, cold and still.

Seal up the fountains of mine eyes,
This is no place for tears;
These are but painted images,
That mock my hopes and fears.

Backward, this little hand in mine,
Feeling thou still art here,
I trace the blissful joys and cares
That filled thy short career.

The bright intelligence that gleamed
From out these infant eyes
Seems still to point, with blessed beams,
The pathway to the skies.

But this is death! beneath whose touch,
Cold, unrelenting power!
Beauty's unwithered garlands fall,
To perish in an hour.

Take up the bier, and bear it hence—
It were in vain to weep;
But gently, and with noiseless step,
As to the couch of sleep.

The measured journey to the grave
Is dark to him who fears
To scan the blotted memories
Of unrepented years.

To us who bear this child to-day
No pang like this is given;
The door we shut upon its tomb
Encloses it in heaven. *Boston Atlas.*

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING HORN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed:

That whenever they sat at their revels
And drank from the golden bowl
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened,
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty,
They remembered one saint more.

And the Reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil's homilies!

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the yule-log cracked in the chimney,
And the abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the abbot was stark and dead!

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, "Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one saint more!"

Graham's Magazine.

From the Boston Post.

The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague. New and Revised Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

YEAR after year are the generations coming up, and it is fitting that the works of one whom the fathers delighted to honor should be accessible to the children. The present edition of Sprague contains a few pieces never before presented with their brethren, but is especially welcome at this time, from the entire disappearance from our book-stores, of Francis & Co.'s elegant volume.

And here we might stay our pen. For is there need, at this late day, of calling attention to "Curiosity," "Art," the "Centennial," and the "Shakspeare Ode," to say nothing of those many tender, affectionate, pathetic stanzas which even now are circling through the American press, and like the poet's own "winged worshippers," are "blessed wanderers o'er lakes and lands!" In one view no further word need be uttered. The welcome which Sprague has always received, and now receives from the public, proves that, in some measure, at least, he is appreciated. His writings might be safely left to themselves—true taste yet thrives in many a quiet nook. True poetry in good English, with thoughts sublime, imaginative, beautiful or philosophical, expressed clearly, strongly and completely, in melodious verse, is not yet thrown aside as worthless, at the advent of new schools and new styles, with their crudities, spasms and thoughts too big for the utterance of the thinker, and so thrust upon the world in clothing, picked up, blindfold, in a Brattle street of words.

But in another view, our subject should not yet be dismissed. For in late years, as it seems to us, there have grown up in our midst, a class of people, who are ever "like Paul's Athenians, seeking something new," to the forgetfulness of what is good in the old. And, in fine, there are many, now-a-days, whose approval is really valuable, who are fast tending to the opposite extreme to that wherein men wandered in the days of "good Queen Anne," who, it may be added, literally "sat in the sun," but had no brightness of her own.

In Pope's time, the dress of thought was more regarded, perhaps, than thought itself—now-a-days, there is a growing disposition to disregard the dress altogether. And we would attempt a few sentences in defence of the happy medium. Good, plain, correct English alone, however apt, terse or expressive, is neither thought nor poetry; but we do maintain that it is the only proper garb, coloring and outside of both, whether in verse or prose. And though in the main but the mechanical part of verse, it is almost as indispensable as the mental portion; and though a *fair* production of this outside may not call for the poetical faculty, yet in its *perfect* production, is displayed a very high degree of that faculty. At all times, it requires taste, experience, ear, knowledge of the language, power of condensation, perspicuity and distinctness of idea; at some time, so completely mixed and inter-

merged are the external and internal of poesy, that it requires the most lofty and vigorous, the most tender and burning efforts of whatever divinity there may be within. And in truth, what have been rashly termed the outward and mechanical parts of verse, including, of course, all ornamental epithets as well as melody, fitness and terseness of expression, and everything, in fine, but its inner idea and conception, really constitute, generally speaking, a large proportion of what is universally recognized as poetry, and that, too, of a high and even the highest order. The simple thought of Prospero of the utter dissolution of the world, with all its "cloud-capped towers, gorgeous palaces," and his mental grasp of the sublimity, as if he held the great globe in the hollow of his hand, are the really poetical cores of the glorious passage. But were they not, are they not, comparatively speaking, common thoughts; is not *the* merit of the passage in its expression? Who has sung like Shakspeare! and yet he sang by the scale. But his tones were sweeter, fuller, and more sublime. Who cannot perceive, at any rate, that thought and expression are here so intimately blended, that the former all alone would be but a preacher's moral, while the latter without the thought could never have been attained?

So, too, in Byron. The naked comparison of fallen Greece to the beautiful dead, is unquestionably poetical, but the great charm of the passage is the truthful, graceful and thrilling elaboration of its dress. Coming to single lines, everybody knows that the drum is a noisy and barbaric instrument. There would seem to be nothing very poetical in the *idea*, at any rate; but Campbell says—

And hears thy *stormy* music in the drum.

And let him who dare, deny the line to be true and even lofty poetry.

And the author under notice, in his "Centennial Ode," while speaking of the Indian, says—

Cold with the beast he slew, he sleeps.

Here the idea is certainly poetical, but how much of the beauty and effect of the line reside in the opening epithet and the concluding alliteration! So in the "Shakspeare Ode," the poet has told of the downfall of the Roman empire, with its learning, science and the arts.

In dust the sacred statue slept,
Fair science round her altars wept,
And wisdom *cooled* his head.

Is not this a vast but perfectly finished picture! and yet the charm of the whole is "wound up" by the verb in the last line. What other word in the language could have so comprised the whole story of the retreat of wisdom to the monks of the middle ages! Does it require *nothing* but the practice of a blockhead, or even of a shrewd and persevering brain, to obtain such expressions as these?

But we are no insane idolater of what may be regarded as, more or less, the externals of verse. And still less are we special pleaders for the ex-

ternal grace, strength and correctness of the author under notice. He has all these, but he has the "heart of hearts" of poetry, in addition. Moreover, in some of his most admired and most exquisite pieces, few writers could be less indebted than he to poetical expression. In some of them, the idea, whether pathetic or philosophical, is almost the only charm—the expression being noticeable chiefly for its clearness and harmony with the idea.

But we do say that no man can be a poet without a proper knowledge of both the coarser and finer mechanism of verse, from its construction, which may, to some degree, be learned by a persevering duncer, to its choicest epithets, depending for their merit on natural gifts and careful cultivation. No man can be a painter without skill, and the greatest, in brushes, canvas and pigments, whatever be the ardor of his conceptions. If he could, dear reader, you or we might sometimes stand with Raphael or Buonarrotti. And the poet is the painter in words. His canvas is under his hand, but on its narrow woof are shown the mote in the sunbeam, the "violet 'neath a mossy stone," the real glories of creation, the fabled terrors of the last day. As Shakespeare, in the chorus of Henry V., exclaims:—

Can this cock-pit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million!

No man, therefore, can be a poet who does not have all the requisites for writing verse properly. He may have large conceptions, a novel turn of thought, and even, when the fit is on him, may accidentally throw forth a gem of poesy to shine amid the muck which is around, and astonish the world by its contrasted brilliancy. With great luck, he may produce these jewels often enough to make the whole heap a second Golconda; but instances of this fortuitous excellence are rare.

A man, to be a poet, must have not only the fire from heaven within him, but he must be able to breathe it skilfully, to play with it, to blast with it, to melt with it, according to the changing of his mood and his subject.

Obscurity and inappropriateness of expression involve clumsiness, carelessness, indolence and presumption. And if here reminded that we have wandered from our subject, we should reply that all the foregoing is really a tribute to our author; for he, of all American poets, is most remarkable for beauties of language, whether elegant, terse or simply correct, and for an union of these external beauties with the inner essence, whether it expand into a thought as vast as space itself, or creep into a single epithet, like Ariel into the cowslip's bell.

To repeat, then, our opening remark, these paragraphs are written for the special consideration of those who are beginning or have begun to neglect the dress of poetry, whether this dress be that mere construction and that use of sensible words, a knowledge of which may be acquired by mere

patience and practice, or those higher beauties, ranging from external elegances to the real spirit of poetry, which cannot be learned, but may be, nay, must be cultivated.

"A poet is born, not made," says the ancient critic. He should have added, "A poet is *born*, but born to *grow*." In the words of Ben Jonson—

For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion. And that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
— and strike the second heat
Upon the muse's anvil; turn the same
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,
For a good poet's made as well as born.

Our present purpose is chiefly to show our author as an artist, to express our opinion of his writings as works of art, to prove that his poetry is no less because his art is more than that of most living writers, nay, of *any* living poet; for some people seem to believe that nothing which is finished can be great or sublime—forgetting that the very mountains are piled, the glaciers spread, and the chasms rent, not by chance, but according to eternal laws.

"Curiosity" is undoubtedly the best known and the most general favorite of all Sprague's longer poems. We shall therefore say little about it. Everybody knows what an *occasional* poem is "bound" to be—a thing of "shreds and patches," a shot at a *given*, not a chosen mark. Until the appearance of Holmes' "Urania," "Curiosity" was the only poem of its class which seemed destined to fill a permanent place in our literature. It has now survived more than twenty years, has passed through a number of editions, and has been published as the work of an Englishman, and praised accordingly, both in Calcutta and London. In comparison with the only occasional poem ever produced in America, worthy of a place with it, it may be said that "Urania" has the more salient points, the more daring flights, the more laughable hits; the other the better lines, the more strength, and the higher finish. "Urania" has the more fire, "Curiosity" the more wisdom—the former is brilliant, the latter profound. "Urania" is a circlet of diamonds—"Curiosity" one entire stone, of inferior water, perhaps, but resplendent, nevertheless, and shapely, polished, and without a flaw. Both have passages of lofty and touching poetry, sparkling wit, spiced wisdom, and biting satire.

But to leave comparison, "Curiosity," as a specimen of mastery over the heroic measure, stands alone in American literature. It does not contain a single weak line, or meaningless epithet, thrown in to eke out a foot or for the sake of a rhyme. It has but two or three lines which one would like to alter, and we defy the amateurs of the new school to scan it more closely and severely than we have done. The whole work is a model of execution, and a pleasant essay might be written on its individual verses and particular expressions. We do not claim for it the highest honors of poetry, but do aver, that while it is surpassed by

few productions of the kind, even in matter—in manner it stands before them all.

But we must pass on. The elegiac effusions of Sprague are as well known as household words. Our prime favorite is "I see thee still;" a composition on which verbal criticism is absolutely at fault. Everything is as clear as truth, as tender as love. That there is true poesy in all these pathetic pieces we have never heard disputed. Is there less, than if they were written crudely, obscurely, carelessly—with ill-chosen words, with harsh expressions? Who will deny that a deal of their pathos even, flows from the perfect harmony and delicacy of their apparel. The whole poetical *idea* of "I see thee still," for instance, is obvious in the title—all the rest proceeds either from the power or the carefulness of expression.

After the elegiac pieces come "The Winged Worshippers" and "To my Cigar," two genial bits of moralizing raised into poetry by the art of the poet. Preceding these are the series of "Prize Prologues," which were so successful, in various cities and among stranger judges, from twenty to thirty years ago. These, too, are poems of "occasion," and in them the author was necessarily even more "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," than in "Curiosity" or the other long poems. At the present day, it may be said of these productions, that they are, essentially, but tasteful, elegant, well-turned lines. The address for the Park Theatre in 1821 is the best, upon the whole—the others are necessarily, in some measure, re-echoings of the same strain. But in the second are the following beautiful thoughts:—

Poor maniac beauty brings her cypress wreath,
Her smile a moonbeam on a blasted heath;
Round some cold grave she comes, sweet flowers to strew,
And, lost to reason, still to love is true.

Is not this poetry? Could it be better expressed? These are the questions which the critic should ask of himself. The subject may not suit him, perhaps, but the subject given, could the execution be improved? Setting aside the first few lines of Johnson's celebrated address at the opening of Drury Lane in 1747, we do not hesitate to aver that Sprague's theatrical prologues are superior to the best of the most noted British efforts. We have now before us the addresses of Pope, Rogers, Sheridan, Byron, and Scott, and we know that those of the American are not only more sensible, poetical and elegant, but that, as mere verse, his lines are decidedly superior.

The poem on "Art" next demands attention. John Quincy Adams once said of this, that in forty lines was comprised an *encyclopædia* of description. The idea is poetical, and the expression is worthy the idea. It is, in mere execution, the most happy of all Sprague's productions, and it may be commended to versifiers as a model of correct, condensed, melodious language. "The Centennial Ode" was never our favorite, in spite of occasional fine passages and strong lines; and yet were our present task to end here, we could quote from the "Requiem of the Indian," stanzas

not easily matched both "for poetry of idea and felicity of expression." Passages will endure as long as the Indian is remembered; and as the red man passes away, and the evil memories of him are effaced, Sprague's glowing and sympathetic pictures may be even more highly regarded than at present. The Indian's

—heraldry is but a broken bow,
His history but a tale of wrong and woe,
His very name must be a blank.

And one day, romance will pour upon his grave her tears and roses, and there will be none alive to mock at her sympathy. Then Sprague's elegy and eulogy of the savage, over cordial as they now appear, will be received as truth as well as poetry.

Finally we come to the "Shakspeare Ode," having left it to the last; as we consider it the *greatest* work of its author. Much of it, we know, is but a paraphrase of Shakspeare, and these portions we dismiss at once. But enough "remains behind." In this poem Sprague has essayed his most daring flight, and proved himself as capable of soaring into the imaginative as of flitting about among the realities of human life, with its joys and sorrows. With little fancy, in the Lalla Rookh sense of the term, his imagination is strong and his descriptions vivid and vigorous. We have heretofore noticed the comprehensive picture given in the opening stanzas. On the next page the birth of Shakspeare is thus described:—

There, on its bank, beneath the mulberry's shade,
Wrapped in young dreams, a wild-eyed minstrel strayed;
Lighting there, and lingering long,
Thou didst teach the bard his song:
Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
And round his brows, a garland curled;
On his lips, thy spirit fell,
And bade him wake and warm the world!

Comment on these lines is needless. But again we ask, would they have been better, if worse expressed? We should think so, to judge from the stuff which finds admirers, now-a-days. But the truth is, that what men think, or ought to think, however high, spiritual or poetical, can be put into words in such fashion as to be clear to other men—that is, it can be so put, with time, care, skill, patience, and ability. The passage in the "Ode" on "Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit"—is a fine specimen of the blending of sound with sense—and that beginning, "Young love with eye of tender gloom" is a most beautiful picture of love's sorrow and joy. As an example of the bold and even sublime, the lines ending the dream of Richard of Gloster should not be forgotten:—

For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
And chides the lagging night, and whets her hungry beak.

One can peer out into the thick darkness, and behold the shadowy bird, impatient for her royal carrion. We shall copy but one more passage. After the Pindaric lines, the heroic measure comes in with fine effect. Its sweep, at once majestic and yet full of spirit, is unsurpassed, when rolled from a master lyre:—

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrung,
 On whose proud note delighted wonder hung,
 Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,
 One spot shall spare—the grave where Shakspeare sleeps.
 Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,
But Nature's laureate bards shall never die.
 Art's chiseled boast and Glory's trophied shore,
 Must live in numbers, or can live no more.
 While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim,
 Stills rolls the Olympic car in Pindar's fame;
 Troy's doubtful walls in ashes passed away,
 Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay;
 Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,
 Stands all immortal in her Maro's strains;
 So too, yon giant empress of the isles,
 On whose broad sway the sun forever smiles,
 To time's unsparing rage one day must bend,
And all her triumphs in her Shakspeare end!

At this very moment, Hamlet and Horatio are more *real* to the world than William the Conqueror and William Rufus. We do not think that enough praise has been bestowed, of late years, upon this admirable ode. Some portions are turgid and over gorgeous, but there is much of the highest excellence and in various styles.

There is not an epithet applied at random, not a word which does not add to the significance of the expression. Every stanza may be dissected with a microscope, or the whole may be seen from afar through the telescope. With the single exception of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," the "Shakspeare Ode" is as good as anything of the kind in the language. We commend to our readers a perusal of Garrick's production on a similar occasion, if they wish to see the difference between the work of their countryman and that of a pretentious mediocrity. We have now in hand, also, a collection of the odes, which were competitors for the prize, when Mr. Sprague bore off the crown. His poem is as much before the best of them as it is before Garrick's.

But after all, it remains to say, at last, that it is almost a shame that Mr. Sprague has not written more, and more often triumphantly upheld the cause of true poetry and good English. In his own words applied to another he "has not stooped to fame," but neither has he yet presented to the world a fair sample of his powers. What he has done is admirable, but from it the reader scarce gets a juster idea of the man than of the glories of the firmament from a single twinkling star. His energy and versatility of mind, his wit, humor, powers of description, his imagination, his affections, his knowledge, are yet almost unknown to his contemporaries. This, to be sure, is not criticism, but it is sorry truth. What "he has written he has written," however, and he must be judged accordingly. But the writer of these paragraphs has had the privilege of sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, and has drawn, he humbly hopes, some instruction from those lips which he reverences and loves. He has intended, in this article, to speak the words of truth and soberness—he feels able, at any rate, to give both chapter and verse for the opinions which have been expressed. But he knows the man who wrote these poems—is acquainted with most of the circumstances that called them forth—and has watched that affection which produced their choicest speci-

mens, true tear-drops of poesy. He *knows* that *altogether* they do not do justice to the whole MAN, They are offshoots from a fruitful vine. They were thrown off, at odd times, behind the counter and in the banking house, to answer some special call. They are the *plays* and not the *works* of their author.

THE OLD PEW.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Oh! the old pew at church, where in childhood I
 sat,
 With its warm crimson cushions, and rush-woven
 mat,
 In each act and each feeling of life 't has borne part,
 It is linked with my memory, shrined in my heart.
 When first a young thing on the seat perched I
 stood,
 And was coaxed with a sweetmeat or cake to be
 good,
 Many times with a run and a bump I came down,
 Which caused some to smile, and made others half
 frown.
 Even now, through the distance of long change-
 ful
 years,
 I oft think, with a smile that is yet dimmed by tears,
 How I must thy meek spirit, dear mother, have
 tried,
 When, brimful of mischief, pressing close to thy side,
 I pulled the soft fur from thy mantle, then blew
 The light pieces aloft, which attracting thy view,
 Towards my own laughing one, turned thy grave
 gentle face,
 Where the look of reproof strangely seemed out
 of place.
 Ah! gay thoughtless child, though my light foot-
 steps trod
 Unrestrained and unawed in the house of my God,
 When years knowledge brought, was it not a worse
 part,
 To walk there with hushed tread but a murmuring
 heart!
 E'en the bright dreams of youth caught a purer
 tone there,
 And when first my heart learnt the stern lesson of
 care,
 'Mid the storm and the darkness of earth's bitter
 grief,
 I still there ever found for my sorrow relief.
 Alas! both my loved parents from life have now
 past,
 And change too, time's shadow, a dark gloom has
 cast
 O'er that spot, where for loved ones in vain I now
 search;
 Oh! a sad altered place is the old pew at church.
 But, though changed in its aspect, the same as of
 yore
 Is its power the heart's vanished peace to restore,
 And the blest words there heard, and the holy
 hymns sung,
 Are the same as on childhood's delighted ear rung
 When the organ's rich notes through the aisles float
 along,
 I oft deem angel voices are mingling among,
 And helping their music. Oh! in vain may we
 search
 For so hallowed a spot as the old pew at church.

Sharpe's Magazine.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S HAIR, &c.

WE copy part of the proceedings of the Archæological Institute from the Gentleman's Magazine.

It remains for us to give some account of the temporary museum which was arranged in the King's House in the Close, and which, it was generally observed, surpassed all previous collections, formed during the meetings of the Institute in other counties; not only in early British remains, of which a large display might well be anticipated in a district so rich in tumuli, camps, and remains of primeval occupation, but likewise in works of art of a high class and very instructive character. Of the former class of antiquities—the vestiges of the Celtic tribes or the Belgic settlers in Wiltshire, a rich collection was exhibited from the stores of the Rev. Edward Duke, Mr. Hayward, Mr. Cunnington, and other Wiltshire antiquaries. The scattered traces of warlike or domestic customs during the most obscure part of English history were here classed in a very instructive manner; the primitive age of stone, with its rude weapons or implements of flint or bone, by the side of which were placed rare and very curious examples from America, was properly distinguished from the succeeding period, when the working in bronze was practised with much skill; and this again was followed by the prevalent use of iron, in a more advanced stage of civilization. The deficiency, so frequent a cause of complaint, of an adequate series of British antiquities in the national collection, renders such a museum as was formed in Salisbury by the efforts of the Institute, an object not merely of gratification to the curious visitor, but replete with valuable information to the student, who seeks in vain for similar advantages in the British Museum. The comparison of objects from more remote parts of England with those of this county, was especially interesting; with British or Anglo-Roman antiquities from Amesbury, or the surprising works surrounding Silbury and Devizes, were here to be examined specimens from Cornwall, sent by the Duke of Northumberland, unique ornaments from Scotland, contributed by Mr. Dundas and Mr. Talbot, a profusion of examples from Norfolk and the eastern counties, sent from the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, from Mr. Neville's valuable museum at Audley End, from the collections of Mr. Fitch, Mr. Hailstone, Mr. Whincopp of Woodbridge, Mr. Harwood, and other well-known archæologists.

In one part of the picturesque old saloon of the King's House, might be seen an unrivalled series of examples of the art of enamelling, from the Roman and Anglo-Saxon age to the choicest productions of Limoges, in the times of Francis I. Here the contributions of the Hon. Robert Curzon, rich in works from the Levant, and rare sacred ornaments from the monasteries of Greece, were unrivalled; some enamels of the choicest description were brought by Mr. Farrer, whose specimens of ivory carving, with other works of art of a most valuable description, attracted much notice. His

beautiful Manual of Prayers, encased in gold, enamelled, as it is believed, by George Heriot, as a new year's gift, long worn by Queen Elizabeth, appended to her girdle, is a relic well worthy to be preserved in the cabinet of her gracious majesty. Mr. Curzon displayed also some precious rarities from Egypt and the East. The Marquess of Northampton produced many choice specimens of antique glass and antique Roman art, the fruits of researches conducted by him in Italy. Numerous paintings of great interest, works of Holbein, Cranach, and various masters of the Italian and German schools, graced the walls of the chamber. Here were also rich embroideries and arras hangings, adding very much to the picturesque effect of the *ensemble*; drawings of great beauty by Mr. Henry Shaw, views of the Wiltshire churches and architectural remains by Mr. John Britton and Mr. Owen Carter; a splendid collection of drawings of Italian monuments, sent by the Earl of Shrewsbury; numerous illuminated manuscripts, among which was one of the most precious specimens of English art extant, the Life of St. Cuthbert, from the library of Sir W. Lawson, Bart. The Hon. Board of Ordnance contributed several specimens of armor, especially a remarkable tilting helm, lately purchased at Stowe for the Tower armory. The Marquess of Ailesbury sent for the gratification of the Society the precious relics preserved at Tottenham Park, the sword once wielded by the Bruce, by Wallace, and by Hotspur; with the invaluable relic of feudal usages, traditionally associated with the rangership of Savernake Forest, the Bruce horn, richly mounted in enamelled silver. With these relics, replete with historical interest, we noticed one of more simple aspect, the pen-case of stamped leather, which hung at the girdle of Henry VII., an undoubted memento of that sovereign, preserved in Mr. Curzon's museum, at Parham; also the betrothal ring of Darnley, a relic of the ill-fated Mary of Scotland, of most touching interest; it was found at Fotheringay, and bears the united initials, bound by a true-love knot, with the arms and name of "Henri L. Darnley, 1565," the date of his alliance with the Queen of Scots. Another royal relic of the same age was regarded with much curiosity, a lock of hair, of bright auburn color, presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Philip Sidney, by her own fair hand, in 1573. It was preserved in a copy of the *Arcadia*, preserved in the library at Wilton House, and was at length brought to light by a fortunate accident; a copy of verses by Sidney being found with the hair. The rhymes evince his loyal attachment to his royal mistress, rather than his poetical fervor. This highly curious object was produced by the Right Hon. President of the Institute, as one of the choicest relics preserved at Wilton. The graceful effect of the arrangement of the museum was greatly enhanced by the display of a very rich collection of Chinese embroideries and costume, most kindly entrusted for exhibition by the Hon. Mrs. Sidney Herbert. They comprised a unique assemblage of the attire of a mandarin of highest

class and his lady, and had been brought from China by Admiral Hardwick. Several embroideries of a more archaeological character, but less attractive in richness of color, excited the curiosity of the visitors, especially some remarkable specimens of early needlework from Compton Verney, sent by Lord Willoughby de Broke. The remarkable collections of ancient watches, brought by Octavius Morgan, Esq., M. P., and Sir Charles Fellowes, attracted universal interest. The rapidity with which this rare assemblage of varied remains of the olden time was brought together rendered the preparation of a printed catalogue impracticable, but one will be given, with illustrations, in the volume of transactions of the meeting.

NEW BOOKS.

The Whale and his Captors; or, the Whaleman's Adventures and the Whale's Biography, as gathered on the Homeward Cruise of the "Commodore Preble." By REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER. With engravings. 16mo. pp. 314. Harper & Brothers.

This is a very handsomely printed volume, and contains a generous number of exceedingly spirited and taking illustrations. But these are the least excellences of the book. It is full of information on Whales and Whaling, communicated under attractive forms, and cannot fail of the happy moral effect of both winning sympathy for the sailor, and raising the sailor himself to higher and better thoughts. It is a book for the land and the sea, for the parlor and the fore-castle, and will do good in both. Our own copy is already sadly soiled by constant use, and we have had it scarcely ten days. We hope Mr. Cheever has "a few more of the same sort left."—*N. Y. Recorder*.

A System of Ancient and Mediæval Geography, for the use of Schools and Colleges. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 769.

The information on the subjects embraced in this book, which the student could gather, if at all, only by wide reading in a variety of directions, is here brought together in compact form, and available for instant use. We have rarely met a book, whether for purposes of instruction or reference, more needed than this, or one which, in our view, will be more welcomed and approved. The study of History without the accompanying study of Geography, must necessarily be imperfect, indeed, hardly deserves the name. There has been a deplorable deficiency, in this respect, both in our schools and colleges, and among more advanced students. We cannot but hope that the appearance of this volume will contribute to the correction of the evil. The verification of the book by reference to authorities must be the work of long use, or of special examinations which we

have not the time nor means to institute. The internal marks of accuracy, however, which strike the eye at once, are quite satisfactory, and we have great pleasure in calling to this book the attention of professors and students, as well as of intelligent readers generally.—*N. Y. Recorder*.

Chalmers' Posthumous Works. Vol. 8. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This volume, in the valuable series of Posthumous Works of Dr. Chalmers, edited by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, includes the remaining portion of his Institutes of Theology, viz., the Subject-matter, and the Extent of the Gospel Remedy, with supplementary Lectures on the Trinity. The form and the scope of this work, and its great value, we sufficiently indicated in our notice of the preceding volume.—*N. Y. Recorder*.

"*A Copious and Critical English-Latin Lexicon*" has just been published by the Harpers, which must supersede every similar work now in use in schools and colleges throughout the United States, as it has already done in England.

One very great defect in the systems of classical instruction pursued in the United States, has been the neglect of Latin and Greek composition—an exercise which is properly made the chief instrument in the acquisition of modern languages, and the propriety of which in studying ancient languages is no less decided and apparent. Within a few years past a marked improvement has been made in this respect; and we believe it is still in progress. The practice of Greek and Latin composition has been introduced into nearly all the classical schools of the country, and the good results that have been found to attend it everywhere, must contribute powerfully to its still more general introduction. The increased devotion of schools to this branch of education, has rendered absolutely indispensable a better Lexicon, for translating English into Latin, than has hitherto been used.

Prof. Anthon, under whose editorial supervision this work has been reprinted, says that "We have had no work in the English language at all deserving of being compared with it;" and he expresses the confident hope that it will entirely supersede the "wretched compilations" which have hitherto been used. Language so emphatic as this, and from a source of so high authority, certainly renders needless any commendation from us. The work has been compiled, by years of close and unremitting labor, from the German-Latin Dictionary of Dr. C. F. Georges, with the aid of a great number of other valuable works from various sources—by Joseph Esmond Riddle and Thomas Kerchever Arnold, both of whom are widely known as eminent English scholars, and as having performed the most signal services to the cause of classical education. The American edition has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Drisler, one of the most accurate and accomplished philologists in the country, and is introduced, as already stated, under the editorial supervision of Dr. Anthon. It is printed in a single, thick, compact, elegant volume, in a style uniform with that of the other similar works issued by the Harpers.—*N. Y. Courier*.

CONTENTS OF No. 295.

1. Methodism in Wales, - - - -	<i>Quarterly Review</i> , - - - -	49
2. Story of a Family, Chap. XIX., - - - -	<i>Sharpe's Magazine</i> , - - - -	65
3. Posthumous Memoir of Myself, - - - -	<i>The late Horace Smith</i> , - - - -	72
4. Poetical and Prose Works of Charles Sprague, - - - -	<i>Boston Post</i> , - - - -	90

POETRY.—Resignation, 64.—The Dead Child ; One Saint More, 89.—The Old Pew, 93.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Evangelical Melodies, 64.—Queen Elizabeth's Hair, &c., 94.—New Books, 95.

PERSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazine*, and of *Chambers'* admirable *Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work— and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4 cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (1½ cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & CO., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for	\$20 00.
Nine " "	\$40 00.
Twelve " "	\$50 00.

Complete sets, in twenty volumes, to the end of March, 1849, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at forty dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

Binding.—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.